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THE BIBLE WOMAN.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 258.]

THE BIBLE WOMAN.

About eight years ago the "Female Auxiliary Bible Society of New York," feeling that they were called upon to do something more than to merely act as collectors for the American Bible Society, resolved to employ "Bible Women" whose mission it should be to go from house to house carrying with them the Bible, reading it where they could gain permission, and, by interesting themselves in the temporal wants of the poor, show that they were thus putting in practice the precepts of the Book.

The results of this mission were successful from the outset, and in 1865 twenty-six women were engaged in this labor in different parts of the city. At the annual meeting of the Society, held on the 8th of April, it was reported that $10,069 had been during the past year appropriated to the support of Bible Women. The work is well organized, each district having its lady superintendent to whom the ladies under her charge make monthly reports.

The Episcopal City Missions, the Methodist City Missions, the Children's Aid Society, the Missions at the Five Points and in the Fourth Ward, and the various missions and industrial schools all employ women as visitors among the poor, who are doing a work similar to that of the missionaries and Bible Women. Then there are many ladies of wealth who each employ one of these good women to search out and relieve special cases in their behalf. Probably in all, there are not less than one hundred women engaged in these works of love and mercy. Their support is secured through voluntary contributions, chiefly among the ladies in the churches. The salary generally ranges from $20 to $30 per month. The temporal aid furnished is likewise raised by voluntary contributions.

The illustration on our first page shows one of these Bible Women engaged in her Christian work. It has been claimed by Roman Catholics that Protestant Churches have nothing to show corresponding to the work of their "Sisters of Charity." In reply we can point to our Bible Women. They go about their work unostentatiously; they are distinguished by no peculiar dress or singular habit of life; but they effectually relieve the wants of the poor and of the sick, and place within the reach of all the inestimable gift of the Gospel. It is a mission which, on account of its practical success, commends itself to all our Christian citizens.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 24, 1869.

THE DANISH TREATY.

The letters of "Dixon" to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* and the pamphlet of Mr. Parton show plainly that the history of the St. Thomas treaty has not been in the least understood. Indeed it has been generally treated with the same kind of contemptuous disregard as the treaty of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. The popular theory in regard to Mr. Johnson was that he had fraternized with Mr. Laird, and therefore nothing that he should do in the *Alabama* matter was worth attention. In like manner territorial extension was considered Mr. Seward's monomania, and the smile that greeted the announcement of his proposal for St. Thomas widened into a laugh when the unlucky earthquake came. There is, besides, an opinion, which we share, that the most pressing duty of this country at this time is certainly not that of enlarging its domain, nor have we seen one tolerable argument in support of the proposition to acquire Cuba or St. Domingo. In both cases the main argument seems to be that the people can not govern themselves, and that they ought therefore to come and help govern the United States.

But the question of St. Thomas is hardly one of territorial expansion. The treaty embraces two islands, St. Thomas and St. John, each about twelve miles long by three broad, and each containing about thirteen thousand inhabitants. The two islands have together about the population of Staten Island, and their combined area is somewhat larger than that of Staten Island. They have each good and easily defensible harbors, and the object of their acquisition is to have a convenient coaling station, of which during the rebellion we sorely felt the need. But, however desirable such a station may be, the treaty involved the payment of money, and the general conviction is that we shall acquire the richest and most profitable of the West India islands without spending a present penny—whatever the ultimate cost may be—and therefore the general inquiry is, why should we pay for two little sterile heaps of rocks?

To this question Denmark opposes the counter question—Is not your honor engaged? And that is indeed a serious question. Upon a fair review of all the facts, and careful conversation with those most interested and familiar with the subject, it seems to us tolerably clear that Denmark has acted throughout under a natural misapprehension, and has consequently taken steps that would leave her in a most humiliating position if the treaty should not be ratified. It is an acknowledged maxim of international law, that the acts of a fully-empowered embassador bind the sovereign who instructs him, except in extraordinary circumstances, as where he has manifestly dealt in bad faith or has seriously injured his country by his negotiation. But the difficulty in treating with this country is that the sovereign does not instruct and is not consulted until the treaty is negotiated. This is an anomaly which is very difficult to understand—indeed, is almost impossible to understand with a Secretary of State like Mr. Seward, who seemed always, like Mr. Andrew Johnson, to consider Congress an impertinence.

When Mr. Seward urged the bargain upon Denmark he was in accord with the dominant party. A man familiar as General Raasloff was with the operations of our Government would naturally and properly suppose that Mr. Seward's proposition would be ratified by the party majority. When the treaty was signed Mr. Seward was wholly alienated from the dominant party. That, however, could not be understood in Denmark. Denmark could only see the authorized representative of a government comparing his credentials and treating with full powers; and it could expect nothing but that the work of such a representative would be ratified except for sound reasons. Denmark had not wished to sell, and when its government decided that under the circumstances it was best to do so, looking at international law and our own precedents it had every reason to believe that what was so ardently urged by our representative was strongly desired by the people.

Still it is a wholly inadmissible principle that the President and the Secretary of State can at their pleasure secretly commit the honor of this country to any treaty whatever. If the doctrine were to be tolerated, they might annex immense territories and an alien population at an enormous expense. That, however, is merely to say that the President and his Secretary are not the sovereign power. But the custom of the Senate has been usually to ratify a treaty concluded by the initiating authority or to state the reasons of its refusal. If, now, it rejects the St. Thomas treaty for satisfactory reasons, Denmark can ask no more. But if the treaty be rejected merely, without a reason, intelligent Danes can hardly retain that opinion of the honor of the United States which we should wish all honest people every where to hold. If the Senate thought it expedient to ratify with the utmost haste the treaty for the purchase of the icy desert of Alaska, it is not easy to understand what good reason it can have for refusing to buy a convenient and essential coaling-station in the Gulf.

It is undoubtedly the duty of other nations to understand that in our system the Senate represents the sovereignty in a treaty. But the question still recurs, when a treaty has been negotiated conformably to custom, and when all our precedents under such circumstances so strongly show the certainty of ratification that a friendly power takes steps that can not be retraced, ought we to fold our arms and say "we don't choose to ratify, and we don't choose to give any reason, and we don't choose to do any thing about it?" There can be but one answer. Let the Senate ratify the treaty or give a reason for rejecting it.

Mr. SWEENY AND EDUCATION.

Two or three weeks since, in speaking of Mr. Sweeny's new school bill for the city of New York, we stated that Mr. Hitchman warmly supported it. Mr. Hitchman, in his place in the Assembly, denounced our statement as wholly unfounded, and declared that he should support the bill or not as his judgment might approve. A few days afterward we observed that Mr. Hitchman was one of the advocates of the bill before the Committee—and our readers were probably as little surprised as we were. Mr. Blunt, who also advocated it, called it Mr. Sweeny's bill, and, upon being corrected by Mr. Richmond, who said that he had introduced it, Mr. Blunt replied—as reported, and as universally believed—"Well, it's of no consequence, there is no use in mincing matters. It's Sweeny's bill. He drew it up, and I've had a talk with him about it."

Thus it seems that Mr. Sweeny is dissatisfied with the present school system in the city of New York—a system which the Boston Committee declared was in some material points superior to their own—which the Rev. James Fraser, a special British Commissioner sent out by Parliament for the purpose of examination of our public schools, reported to be the best he had seen, and which one of the Republican City School Commissioners, Mr. Warren, publicly stated to be a non-partisan system. Mr. Sweeny, a gentleman who is perhaps no higher authority upon the subject of education than those we have named, is, however, dissatisfied. He wishes to make it still more perfect—and he proposes to do it by establishing a party commission of seven Democrats and five Republicans, to be appointed by that conspicuous friend of political morality, Mr. Mayor Oakey Hall. The name of Mr. Hall, indeed, has been before this occasion sometimes circularly associated with that of Mr. Sweeny and of Mr. Tweed. They are all of them known to be devoted to the highest interests of education and of the public welfare in general—and it must not be supposed, therefore, that the facts that they are the Tammany managers, and that there are three millions of dollars of school money in the city also to be managed, have any influence upon their striking zeal in the cause of education.

It is true that no necessity for a change has been shown; that there is no guarantee in the bill that any alleged evils can be remedied by it; that even a representation of nominal Republicans in the Board is not necessarily secured; and that it puts out of office, for no cause mentioned, men who have been regularly elected for a specified term. But in Mr. Sweeny's judgment the interests of education and of an economical administration of the schools are in imminent peril, unless he and his friend Mr. Mayor Hall and a select Tammany circle have the control of the school system, and especially of the school moneys. And that there may not be even an unkind suspicion that any party or personal consideration actuate him and his friends, he provides that two Republican votes shall be essential to any important decision. Now as it is well known that there are no venal Republicans in the city, and that two Republican votes could never, under any circumstances, be bought in a School Board appointed by the impeccable Mayor Hall, it is manifest that his profound interest in the great cause of popular education has induced Mr. Sweeny to propose a reform of the city school system which will vest the control in the Republicans—an act which all who know Mr. Sweeny will at once see is most highly probable, as he has long been devoted to the supremacy of that party.

This probability rises almost to certainty when we consider Mr. Commissioner Warren's statement, who said that he was Chairman of the committee which went to Albany, and while there was told that the new bill was solely for the benefit of the Republican party; that the committee which reported it was composed of five Republicans and two Democrats, and that if passed it would be by the votes of a Republican Legislature. That a bill drawn by Mr. Peter B. Sweeny to abolish the present public school system of the city of New York—a bill which gives the control of three millions of dollars to a Board appointed by Mr. Sweeny's friend Mayor Hall, and which requires only two Republican votes for any serious expenditure, should be adopted by a Republican Legislature, and be warmly supported by the *Tribune*, only shows that we are upon the eve of the Millennium. Indeed, the lion reposing with the lamb is not a more pleasing picture to the imagination than the *Tribune* helping Mr. Sweeny, Mr. Tweed, and Mr. Hall to obtain control of the city school money for the purpose of greater purity and economy in the management of the schools.

THE DEMAND FOR FOOD IN ENGLAND.

Whenever a period of uneasiness arrives as to the inadequateness of the supply of food in England, for a population of over thirty millions, living, as all accounts agree, from "hand to mouth," there is always a writer of recognized authority to address the people there with a view to calm their fears and keep down the price of grain at home, and particularly abroad. The real audience addressed is the grain-producing class in all countries, who are expected to suppose that powerful interests do not influence these avowed champions of the largest purchasing and consuming interest. Mr. Caird appeared before the Statistical Society in London with the statement that the difference between what he called the good harvest of 1868 and the bad harvest of 1867 he believed to be equal to four months, or one-third of the total consumption, and he claimed that, on the present scale of importation, there was no doubt of *abundant supplies at even lower prices.* "These," he said, "had fallen fully one-third, or almost exactly in correspondence with the difference in the yield of the two harvests."

The steamer which brought out Mr. Caird's statement of the superior crop of 1868 presented the following evidence of the actual state of things among many agricultural proprietors:

"At Ripon, on Friday, a farmer named Wadlington, of Melmerby, was fined sums amounting to £55 for cruelly ill-treating twenty sheep, in not providing them with sufficient food. Some of the defendant's flock had actually died from want; and on an officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals visiting the farm recently, he found twenty poor creatures in a field which was quite bare of grass, and also destitute of provender, excepting what appeared to be the burned bottom of a stack of hay. At York, on Saturday, Richard Allenby Bean, farmer, Copmanthorpe, was fined £7 5s. for a similar offense. In this case eleven sheep and eighteen beasts had been discovered in a most pitiable state of starvation."

The Vice-President of the Physical and Mathematical Section read a paper at their recent meeting relating to the great drought of last summer in England, in which he says: "Rain fell upon 188 days in 1868, exactly the same number as in 1867, but somewhat differently distributed. During the first and last quarters of 1868 rain fell upon more days than in 1867—34 days in excess in 1868. In the two *middle quarters* rain fell in 34 days less than in 1867, a rather curious coincidence. Up to and including April, there was no marked deficiency of rain; but during the months of May, June, July, August, and September the fall was always below the average;" and he thus concludes: "There appears to have been no year during the last 75 years possessing the extremely dry period experienced from May to September, inclusive, of the year 1868."

The ground of Mr. Caird, that the harvest of 1868 was superior to that of 1867, is wholly erroneous. Winter-wheat upon heavy soils was carried to perfection by the rains of the early part of April, which were copious; but the drought, which commenced in that month, destroyed much spring-wheat, and the crops of all descriptions on light soils. The winter-wheat was helped through by reason of its being firmly and deeply rooted, due to fall planting; but the spring crops, not having this advantage, felt the drought. There were no root crops, no pasture till October, a deficiency in the wheat crop, owing to the loss of spring-wheat, and an enormous deficiency in all other crops. The *Mark Lane Express* of 15th March says: "The corn trade has still been heavy; but, with nearly five or six months before us, there must yet be an enormous consumption before harvest, to *which present stocks and prospective shipments seem unequal.*"

On Tuesday following Mr. Caird presented his statements to the Statistical Society, and the *Mark Lane Express* changes its tone. It says in its subsequent issue that nothing can now revive the market but the refusal of farmers to sell, or the stoppage of foreign imports. "It seems very improbable," it adds, "that both should happen together, but if they should a temporary enhancement would be certain. There is nothing yet in the aspect of the crops to cause much disquietude. General reports are not so favorable, yet with an evident surplus on last year's crop of wheat both in America and Europe, these countries, *from a monetary pressure,* are likely to send on fair shipments."

The difficulty resulting from the short crop of 1868 has been met in England in various ways. More live animals have been killed since July of last year, when the pastures began to give out, than at any former period. The food they would have eaten was supplied to the people, who also had an unusual amount of poor meat. The copious rains of the latter part of 1868, and the remarkably open winter, furnished pasture for cattle and sheep; but a diminished hay crop in 1869, and a smaller amount than usual of animal food, must be the consequence of winter feeding and of the excessive slaughter of animals. The effects of the drought must therefore be felt until the harvest of 1870, however bountiful may be that of 1869, so far as grain is concerned.

The prices of this year ought not to have fallen as they have, inasmuch as the drought lapped over upon the continent of Europe, touching some of the states—Spain, and parts of Russia, for instance—with great severity. But the pertinacious misrepresentation of the wants of England, and the belief, widely spread, that her wheat crop was larger than usual—which was true only of winter-wheat on strong soils—induced shippers in all markets to submit to the decline which England commanded.

The critical time for England is that which will intervene between this and the next harvest, which will probably not generally commence until about the middle of August. Last year, owing to the drought, it commenced in the middle of July, but it was conceded to be a month too early; and if it occur sooner than usual, a corresponding deficiency in other crops will be the consequence of it. To provide for this period, not only wheat, but all descriptions of food, will be necessary, and it will be the safe policy, on the part of such of our farmers as are free from debt, to hold their crops.

Mr. Caird expects that in the face of the most serious drought which has prevailed in England for the last seventy-five years, the producers and sellers of grain in every country will take his statement to be accurate, that England is now better supplied with food than she was during the year preceding the recent harvest, although at the commencement of the harvest of 1868 there was nothing left of the harvest of 1867. It had been totally consumed.

The market reports in all localities in England agree in stating that millers will buy grain only for immediate use; that stocks of wheat had been fed in unusual quantities to carry cattle through the winter; that much grain had been damaged by excessive winter rains—the quantity which fell in December last had never in any one month been exceeded—and that stocks of domestic wheat of good quality were rarely upon the market. The true reliance is, "*from a monetary pressure,*" sufficient to open to them the "evident surplus on last year's crop of wheat both in America and Europe."

Parts of Europe are still able to send off a surplus of grain. Russia is extending with great rapidity her railroad communications, and will undoubtedly be able to open new food-producing countries to the markets of the world; but the drought from which Russia suffered must soon require her entire production. Spain imports food. The French order opening her ports to grain free of tonnage duty could not have been a mere idle menace to Prussia. Hindostan has been suffering from famine, but recent copious rains are relied upon to furnish

food. But as the harvest of 1868 in all countries has been largely consumed, and in those which suffered from drought must be closely consumed, the intervening period to the harvest of 1869 is likely to be one of anxiety and activity.

The power of England to obtain what there is in all grain and food producing regions, by creating the impression that there is a surplus on which all may call, and by means of "monetary pressure," should not be overlooked. No market is exempt from her great influence. Her agents are "here, there, and every where," and they know full well that when Mr. CAIRD speaks the whole English people accept his theories as being propounded to maintain their deepest interests. The theory now set up that plenty will be obtained at *reduced prices* will be acted upon very generally in England, although the thin carcasses of sheep and cattle, and the necessity of inflicting punishment on their owners for cruelty, exposes the pretense at home. This theory can be met by none except it be our substantial farmers, who can avoid *reduced* prices only by holding their grain firmly—a policy which maintains the real interest of the whole country.

IN THE CITY HALL PARK.

IT is not only in the characters and careers of the representatives whom the great city sends to Albany and to Washington that the New Yorker finds cause of pride and joy. Can he loiter in the Park—the city's peculiar Park—the City Hall Park—without humble gratitude that he, too, is a New Yorker? Our greatest blessings, intimates the poet, are often nearest to us and most disregarded. But who can disregard the City Hall Park? Among those enameled lawns, those trim and picturesque parterres, those shadowy, secluded avenues, the weary citizen throws off his heavy load of care, and amidst the serenity of nature that even a TILDEN might envy, refreshes his soul with the moral beauty which is suggested by the noble temples that rise among the boscage.

There, for example, is the great City Hall itself, in which civic honesty and severe justice delight to dwell. It is the temple of the municipality where, as is natural and becoming in a republic, the most intelligent, and virtuous, and simple, and frugal of the citizens assemble to provide for the common welfare. In hapless countries, upon which bloated despotisms still sit like horrid nightmares, how often are not reckless waste, and shameful ignorance, and abominable corruption associated with civic administration! But here are purity, and sagacity, and economy. Their modest footsteps gently resound through this sylvan temple of the city hidden in its Park. Their benignant influence is every where within the sound of urban bells.

In which of these stately chambers did a WOOD stand erect in all men's eyes, untouched by evil suspicion? In which did a GUNTHER, patriot and sage, mingle philosophy with wit? In which did a HOFFMAN frown upon the least suspicion of corruption? In which does a HALL illustrate to what heights consistency, self-respect, and political morality may conduct modest integrity? And where in those spacious chambers, if here at all it be, does BARNARD whiten the judicial ermine and M'CUNN inflexibly decree justice? Pacing the silent walks of this ample pleasure-ground, and gazing upon the temple with which these shining names are so closely associated, what New Yorker does not feel his heart thrill with jubilant pride as, turning to the victim of some wretched king or other miserable potentate, he waves his emphatic hand and exclaims: "These are my jewels! Here is the republic vindicated!"

But if the minion of despotism still hesitates, let the proud son of Columbia lead him gently to the rear of the temple, and present to him that fresher monument of frugality and simplicity, the New Court-House. Conceived in the spirit that has made the City Hall itself of so sweet a renown, it is already a proverb of austere economy, and of patient devotion to the public weal. In the erection of this fair pile no stone was spotted with suspicion, no swindling bargains stained contracting hands. Designers, builders, workmen of every kind, official and non-official personages concerned, were all gladly impoverished for the glory of the city. Upon that magnificent edifice, dedicated to New York justice, the proud citizen may gaze, and again shaking his finger at the cowering minion at his side, inform him that no man made illicit gain from that great work; and that it is another beautiful memorial of republican thrift, sense, taste, and honesty. Indeed, he may add all the cardinal virtues, and they will as aptly serve as the qualities he will have mentioned. "That is another of my jewels," let him say, once more; "here also is the simple grandeur of our system vindicated!"

Yes, whoever wanders in that pleasant Park—or pays the little tax for a street pavement, or an improvement against which the neighborhood foolishly protests—or stimulates his appetite in the spacious, savory, accessible markets—or strays along the streets where never mud thickens nor dust blows—or calls a coach and scarce believes that such cleanliness of vehicle and such winning courtesy of driver can be hired for the trifle that he must force upon the bashful charioteer—or observes the massive and enduring and convenient piers—whoever meditates these comforts, and then reflects upon the light burden of the tax that supplies them all for himself and his happy fellows, will surely snap his fingers at the bloated despotisms, and pity the unfortunates who are not citizens of New York.

THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

THE President is very regardless of the feelings of those who have gleefully enlarged upon his differences with the Legislative branch of the Government. He will not gratify them with even the semblance of a quarrel with Congress. On Wednesday of last week he sent a message recommending action in regard to the reconstruction of Virginia and Mississippi. On Thursday the House passed a bill in accordance with his suggestions, and sent it to the Senate. On Friday the Senate amended it, passed it, and sent it to the House. The House received it, concurred in the amendments, passed it, and sent it to the President for his signature. Here was the best conceivable opportunity for a neat quarrel. That intense jealousy, that latent distrust of the President, of which we have heard so much, might have expressed themselves most readily. But as they do not exist, they did not appear. Even General BUTLER, who is supposed to remember his hostilities quite as vividly as other men, was foremost in promoting the President's suggestions. The last important act of Congress was an expression of the utmost confidence in President GRANT.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

DESPITE the resolution of Mr. BANKS the President and Secretary of State are undoubtedly much too sensible to permit any interference upon our part with the Cuban revolution. The Government will maintain a strict neutrality between the contestants, although doubtless members of the Government may share the sympathy which so many of their fellow-citizens feel for the resolution of the Cubans to obtain their independence. Whatever the result of the struggle, a worse government than that of Spain in Cuba can not well be imagined. But it is clearly not the business of the United States to overthrow it and to establish a republic in its place.

Meanwhile the situation is very vague. The reports of battles gradually fade into uncertain rumors, and there are the most absurdly contradictory stories of the progress of the disturbance. The *Times* quotes one worthy person, an Englishman, we believe, who had apparently been sauntering through the island upon horseback, and was astonished to learn, after he arrived at the sea-coast, that a formidable revolution was in progress. On the other hand, we have lately heard one of the most sagacious of foreign diplomatists assert that in his judgment Cuba was virtually lost to Spain. The only very precise facts seem to be the occasional seizure of foreigners supposed to be in complicity with the revolution, or the execution of some hapless insurgent taken in arms.

There must, however, be something very much more definite in the Cuban movement before any strong appeal can be made to the Government of the United States to recognize the independence of the island. However warm may be our sympathy with those who are endeavoring to establish a separate government, we can not forget that our national duties are many and complex, and that something more is necessary to a recognition of independence than a declaration of wrongs and the display of a revolutionary standard. In 1823, when the United States acknowledged the Spanish American Colonies as independent, President MONROE spoke of them as "governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged." These words are calm and well-chosen, and describe exactly the method by which a government ought always to proceed upon such occasions.

The Cuban agent in Washington is apparently acting with great discretion. He has as yet made no public appearance nor appeal. Doubtless he is conscious that he has as yet no grounds whatever upon which he can request action. The Cubans have no port, and they can not expect us to acknowledge any maritime belligerent rights. To do that would be to countenance such conduct as England countenanced in the *Alabama*. We shall protect our citizens, of course, and to this end the naval force in the Gulf may naturally be increased. The island must continue to be the centre of great interest, and indeed there can be little doubt that if the curtain of uncertainty should suddenly rise and clearly disclose the Cubans heroically grappling in sharp battle with the Spaniards, fighting and failing as the Cretans fought and fell at Canea, there would be such an expression of sympathy from this country as would go far toward settling the question.

THE MARKET AT ALBANY.

THE bill giving the control of the chief streets in New York to a collection of unknown persons *or their assigns*, which, as we write, is being crammed and thrust through the Legislature, is the greatest outrage yet perpetrated at Albany. Should it become a law, this Legislature can not escape the worst name of any that has ever assembled. There is, indeed, a Republican majority, and it will be truly said that, in this sense, the worst Legislature was Republican. But we remind our readers elsewhere of what every body here understands, that the work is done by the assistance of a few Republicans only, while the great body are arrayed against the iniquities. Thus in the Senate, when it was proposed that instead of giving gratis to unknown persons this enormous franchise in a manner which the Legislature could never change, it should be publicly disposed of for the benefit of the city, of the fifteen Democratic Senators only three voted no, while of the seventeen Republicans nine voted yes, and two were absent.

The city sends, with one or two exceptions, Democratic Representatives and Senators to the Legislature; and all schemes like this of the Broadway Railroad bill receive, with few exceptions, their united support. Recently, in the Assembly, when the question was taken upon a certain bill, the friends of the measure found that they wanted a few more votes, and before the result was announced one of them, a Democrat, passed along the seats and whispered to a few members, each of whom instantly rose and changed his vote. We name no names and we make no charges, but we have no doubt whatever that each of those votes was bought in the open Legislature, like a joint of meat in the market.

Take the facts in regard to this Broadway bill. It gives to certain persons, or their assigns, that is, to an unnamed company, the right to lay railroad tracks through the principal streets in New York, and to carry passengers for seven cents each; and it gives this most profitable privilege for nothing. Mr. ALEXANDER T. STEWART offered to pay two millions of dollars for the franchise, and to bind himself to carry passengers for three cents each. The proposition was not even entertained. The Legislature refuses to take the money offered to the treasury of this heavily-taxed city, and insists upon taxing the people who use the street-cars a hundred and thirty-three per cent. more for their conveyance than is necessary. And this is done by the leaders of the party which is always denouncing the Republican party as wastefully extravagant.

These are the things that bring popular government into contempt; and they are not offenses for which the Republicans as a party are responsible. If any body is disposed to generalize upon the equal regardlessness for morality of both parties, we commend the party character of such votes to their attention.

NOTES.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has made the deposit of his library with the Cornell University a gift, and certainly it is one of the most munificent and valuable that the institution has received. The books number about three thousand, carefully collected by an eminent historical scholar; and many of them are bound with that richness and solidity in which a lover of books, like other lovers, delights to clothe his darlings. Happily, also, the collection supplies the chief want of the Cornell Library, which, with the ANTHON collection for classics, the BOPP for philology and for general science, the library carefully selected by President WHITE in Europe was yet weak in the department of literature and history. It is among the highest praises of the young University that its spirit is so generous and its promise so fair as to persuade a scholar like GOLDWIN SMITH to what seems the severest of personal sacrifices—the parting with such a library during his life.

MICHEL CHEVALIER also sends from France the magnificent work of the French Government upon the Exposition in thirteen volumes; and one of the trustees, Mr. SIBLEY, sends from Rome the noble engraved folios of CANINA; while Mr. M'GRAW, of Ithaca, gives fifty thousand dollars for another building.

A PETITION has been circulating, addressed to the President and Board of Directors of the Mercantile Library, asking that the rooms may be opened on all holidays, including Sunday afternoon and evening. The Library is especially designed for young men who must spend all their holidays elsewhere than in their rooms. They will not pass the whole of Sunday in church, and to open the Library is to invite them from the street and its temptations. The young men are idle on a holiday, and every perilous temptation is peculiarly alluring at such a time. Shall they not have the opportunity at least of finding an elevating and attractive resort in the quiet of the Library?

THERE are many Travelers' Insurance Companies of which few persons know any thing. But the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, whose advertisement is elsewhere in this paper, and among whose directors we observe the name of the new Governor of Connecticut, MARSHALL JEWELL, is both prompt and responsible. The late JAMES HARPER held a policy in this Company, which was most punctually paid.

A LOVER'S WISH.

I FAIN would be the fern-leaves deep,
 Where, when the day begins to die,
My sweet lies lulled in grateful sleep,
 While Love alone keeps sentry nigh.
I fain would be the Zephyr's breath
 That o'er her cheek is wont to play,
The buds that break to flower beneath
 Where'er her fairy footsteps stray.

I fain would be the streams that bear
 Her floated body in their flow,
And ripple round her clustering hair,
 And wanton with each breast of snow,
The clinging robes that close embrace
 Her warm limbs glowing from the bath,
The glass that mirrors every grace
 And charm her lavish beauty hath.

I fain would hold her heart entranced
 By some voluptuous vision's spell;
Then I would have my bliss enhanced,
 And make that dream the truth foretell.
The cruel fates bid my wish aspire,
 And soar to this too dazzling height,
For I would be, with vain desire,
 All things wherein she takes delight.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 5:

In the House, the charges against Richard Busteed, District Judge of the United States for Alabama, were referred to the Judiciary Committee.

April 6:

In the House, the bill providing for the taking of the Ninth Census of the United States in 1870 was passed.—The bill of the New Mexican Legislature imposing a capitation tax on oxen, etc., was repealed.—Two millions of dollars were appropriated to enable the President to maintain peace among the Indians.

April 7:

In the Senate, a Message was received from the President, recommending the passage of a bill specifying a day for the holding of elections in Virginia and Mississippi, when the new Constitutions of these States shall be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection. The President suggested that a separate vote should be taken on certain clauses in these Constitutions.

In the House, a bill appropriating $200,000 for the improvement of rivers, was passed.—A Message was received from the President similar to that transmitted to the Senate.

April 8:

In the Senate, the Committee on the Judiciary, to which was referred the President's Message, reported a recommendation to the effect that the consideration of the Message should be postponed until December next.—The amended bill on the Judiciary System was passed.

In the House, the President's Message was referred to the Reconstruction Committee. General Butler, from the same Committee, reported a bill authorizing the submission of the Constitutions of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas to the vote of the people of those States, and authorizing them to elect State officers and members of Congress. It was adopted, with slight amendments, by a very full vote—the division being yeas 124, nays 24.—The Senate's amendments to the Judiciary System bill were mainly adopted.

April 9:

In the Senate, the House bill relative to the admission of the States of Mississippi, Virginia, and Texas was taken up. The bill provides that the constitutions of those States, as adopted by the Constitutional Conventions, shall be again submitted to the people. Mr. Morton offered an additional section, providing that the Legislatures of those States shall ratify the Fifteenth Amendment before the States shall be admitted to representation in Congress. The amendment was debated at considerable length, after which it was agreed to—yeas 30, nays 20. After some further discussion the bill was passed—yeas 44, nays 9.

In the House, the Senate amendments to the Whisky and Tobacco bill were non-concurred in, and a Conference Committee asked for.—Messrs. Strong, Kellogg, and Starkweather, Representatives elect from Connecticut, were sworn in.—The Senate bill to facilitate the payment of soldiers' bounties to themselves or their heirs, was passed.—The Senate amendment to the Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas Reconstruction bill was agreed to after a brief debate.

April 10:

In the Senate, the Amendatory Tax bill was passed.

In the House, the bill to restore General Heintzelman was passed.—A resolution was passed 98 to 24, expressing sympathy with the Cubans in their patriotic efforts to secure independence and to establish a Republican form of government.

At 12 M. both Houses adjourned *sine die*.

ITEMS.

George S. Twitchell, who was to have been hanged at Philadelphia on the 8th, was on the morning of that day found dead in his cell, having committed suicide.

The Town Council of Chicago have been moving in the matter of a grand demonstration to be had on the opening of the Pacific Railroad. It is proposed to invite the President of the United States, the Vice-President, the Governors of California, Oregon, Nevada, etc., the Mayors of the leading cities on the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, and other leading officials to a grand celebration, the hospitalities of the City being tendered to all the guests on this occasion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IN the House of Commons on the 9th Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, in answer to a question, said that the Ministry was preparing a bill in accordance with the suggestion of the Royal Commission, which should alienate British subjects who swore allegiance to other governments.

Mr. Lowe has reduced the estimates of his predecessor in office upward of £22,000,000 sterling, the estimated expenditures for the fiscal year being £68,250,000. The estimated revenue is £73,000,000. The total expenses of the Abyssinian war were £9,000,000 sterling.

CUBA.

Two political prisoners were garroted at Havana on the 9th in presence of a large concourse of spectators. Great excitement prevailed, and seditious cries were uttered by the crowd. The volunteers who were guarding the prisoners fired twenty shots in the crowd, killing six men, and wounding others.

The Spanish Government is about to send a naval commission to New York to purchase monitors for service in the Cuban waters.

ITEMS.

Don Ferdinand of Portugal has positively declined to accept the Spanish Crown.

The elections to the French Corps Legislatif will commence on the 30th of May.

The Pope's jubilee was celebrated in Rome on the 11th with great magnificence.

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

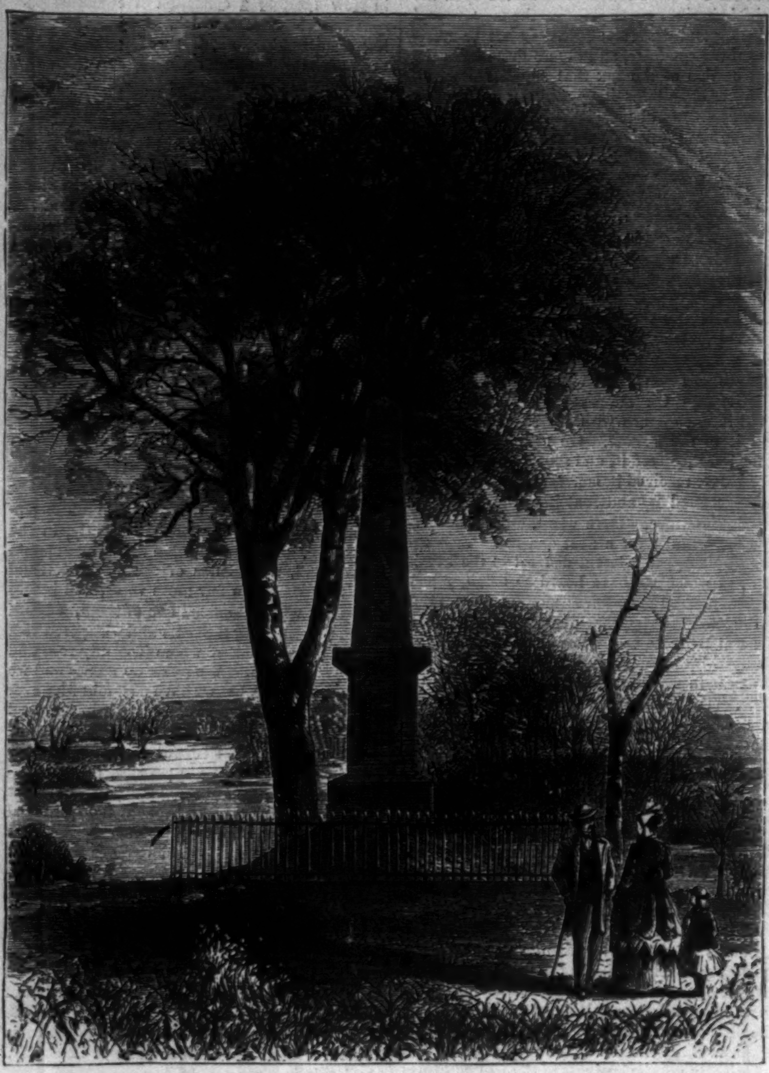
FOR nearly a century revolution has been the order of the day in Europe and America. But in these April days the thoughts of Americans naturally recur to those first days of the Revolution, in the spring of 1775, before the Declaration of Independence had yet been made. In an important sense April 19, 1775, was the birthday of our Republic. In connection with the anniversary of this event we give on this page a sketch of the skirmish at Lexington, copied from a print published a short time after the conflict occurred; also a view of the old battle monument at Concord.

Standing to-day

> "Beneath the shadow of the elm, where, ninety years ago,
> Old Concord's rustic heroes met to face a foreign foe,"

the beholder, if he be at all fanciful, may imagine that ever since the memorable morning when it struck the first blow for liberty, the town has been having a prolonged nap, a century sleep between the hills, with nothing to disturb it save an occasional remembrance of its own fame. It looks so quaint and quiet, with its rows of incurious and demure houses, from which no amount of "fixing up," no painting, shingling, or clapboarding can take away the characteristic repose and sobriety; its ancient trees that have guarded the street corners, or marshaled themselves on the Common for years; its lazy little stores, that have earned more moss than money; and its sober river, traveling through the meadows in staid fashion, that one feels somehow made at home by it, and becomes conscious of a mysterious content and comfort imparted by its very air. It is the place America has kept to remember herself by—a spot the world has forgotten to alter; or, perhaps, it has been left to itself so long it has forgotten how to alter. No additions to its numbers or extent will ever change it; nothing but factories, or perhaps a multiplication of railroads, things that would produce discomfort in Eden, can rob it of its aristocratic and dignified leisure; and because it has had the privilege of standing still, it happens that its present aspect does not contradict its past.

Station yourself, in the gray of a spring morning, in the centre of the Common, so early that only the rattle of a market-wagon, or the step of a laborer will, now and then, reproach you for your meditation; in the place of the white church standing on the southwest side of the inclosure, erect a smaller building, yellowish, with porches on the front and sides; cut away the maples and set a few button-woods around the old bakehouse that still stands on the corner, near by; remove the hotel, the town-house, and the new Soldiers' Monument, as audacious interlopers; set the court-house a little northwest of its present location, close up the road that runs to the new bridge, and remodel the comfortable dwelling-houses to suit your need; where the hotel stands was Dr. MINOTT's house, next, the county house, and, farther on, Mrs. BETTY HARTSHORN's stood, next, the court-house; back of you, and a little to the right, is the road leading to the old battle-ground. How easily you may imagine you hear again the peal of bells, and see the hurried assembling of the towns-people on the green! You see the anxious faces and hear the alarmed questionings; the hasty preparations for decisive action, the doubtfulness of some, the fears of others; the excitement when, from their post on the burying-hill, they first catch sight of the red-coats; their retreat; and now it is the fault of your fancy if you can not see the British coming again, eight hundred regulars, with the sun shining on their armor as they pass along the quiet country road. There, on your left, is the road over which a detachment passed to the south bridge; here, beside you, they halted, under the elm.



OLD BATTLE MONUMENT AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The ground where the battle was fought was presented to the town in 1834 by Dr. RIPLEY, with the condition that a monument suitably inscribed should be erected there. A plain stone, surrounded by an iron fence of simple pattern, stands on the slope near the river-bank, at the end of a double line of pines. It is inscribed thus:

> HERE,
> On the 19th of April, 1775,
> was made the first forcible resistance to
> BRITISH AGGRESSION.
> On the opposite bank stood the American militia.
> Here stood the invading army;
> and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the
> WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,
> which gave Independence to these United States.
> In gratitude to God, and in the
> love of Freedom,
> This Monument was erected,
> A.D. 1836.

The parsonage stands close by, with an avenue of aged trees before it. Its study windows are still shaded by the lilacs that saw the fight, and if report speaks truly, it has the bullet-holes in its walls that were made on that day. A house standing opposite, which is owned by Mr. KEYES, has also a bullet-mark upon it to remember the time by; and an enormous willow-tree which stands before it grew from a stick or sapling that was hastily thrust into the ground by a British soldier. Fancy is a quick work-woman; let her reconstruct the bridge that was removed in 1793 and show you the road that, turning at right angles around the parsonage grounds, led down to it; on the other side of the river the road turned and ran parallel with it, past Colonel JONAS BUTTRICK's and some other farmhouses, one of which is still standing. Here the band of Americans that had been drawn up on the high land west of Colonel BUTTRICK's, and seeing the smoke of burning houses in the town, had resolved to march thither to defend their families or die in the attempt, were met by the British. Here, with a moderation and discretion their sons may well be proud of, they reserved their fire until two of their own number had fallen. It is believed that the Americans behaved throughout with forbearance and bravery.

So Concord is consecrated ground; sacred to the living and the dead who have made men richer in dreams, hopes, and aspirations. South of the town lies Walden, a bit of God's language that has been partially interpreted to men by THOREAU. The interpreter is dead, and there is no one that will fill his place. He lies in the Concord Cemetery, on a pine-shaded hill, and his grave is marked by a stone, firm and unpretending as his life. His brother in fame lies near by, beneath a mound that is quite overgrown with myrtle. The simple name "Hawthorne" is written on the tablet at his head. It seems fitting that these two should lie here together—the one whose life was refined and etherealized until it became too rare a thing for the world, and the one who lived apart and kept his deeds and thoughts purer than other men's dreams—that the flowers should bloom alike above their graves.

Mr. EMERSON's house is quite effectually protected from the public gaze. It is completely shut in on the northwestern side by a wall of pines; a road, branching off from the highway, runs before it; on the side of the road and opposite the house is another thicket of pines. It is rarely pretty and retired, with a sunny green on one side and quite an extensive garden back. Perhaps by the association of thought this character of the owner has been given to the dwelling.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1775.

RAIN SONG.

Is the rain sad? Ah, no!
 Not the dear April rain,
 The sweet, white rain:
These are glad tears that flow,
 Not tears of pain.

Through the blue heavens take
 The clouds their bird-swift way,
 Their white, pure way:
The clouds that part and break
 In diamond spray.

The clouds that die in showers
 Hues of the rainbow give,
 Its beauty give,
That in its dyes the flowers
 May brightly live.

Faint odors of the Spring,
 The subtle breath of fields,
 Of grass in fields,
Scents that to mosses cling,
 The sweet rain yields.

The song of its delight
 To the warm noon it sings,
 Tenderly sings,
And to the quiet night
 Its music brings.

All happy things rejoice
 In the bright April rain,
 The freshening rain,
Exulting that its voice
 Is heard again.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XX.

OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE.

AT last Mr. Morley came. Surely no brown, handsome face, no quiet hazel eyes, no very slightly grizzled head of curling hair was ever more welcome in a Christian house than were his.

It was in the dreary middle of the day when he came, and Rebecca, who was kneading dough (and making an awful mess of it) uttered a joyful exclamation when she saw him. I think that I have mentioned before that in social matters this odd young lady was rather radical. She certainly behaved on this occasion in a way which would have horrified the better conducted sister Carry. She ran up the stairs and opened the door herself with her hands, nay, with her finely-moulded bare arms all over flour, and she said: "Come in; I thought you must be dead. Tell me about those two."

"Go and wash your hands, and come and talk to me in the parlor," said Mr. Morley, quietly, and Rebecca slid away and did as he told her.

"Now," she said, when she was seated by him on the sofa, "tell me all about Jack and Hetty."

"That will depend on your account of your behavior," said Mr. Morley. "How have you been behaving?"

"I have been as good as gold."

"Then I shall not tell you one word," said Mr. Morley; "you are in a vainglorious and self-seeking frame of mind, and I will mortify you by not telling you one single word."

"Well, then, I have been very naughty."

"One of your propositions must be false, and so I shall certainly tell you nothing now."

"Then you are a most disagreeable man, and I hate you—no I don't—don't mind me. I love you very much, Mr. Morley. Only come sometimes and tell me what to do, for really and truly I don't know."

"You have been well brought up, and you ought to know for yourself. At least I mean to leave you to find out. How is your father?"

Rebecca remained perfectly silent, with her chin in her hand for a long time, and Morley sat looking at her steadily, although she did not know it. She sat so long thus that he repeated his question, I very much fear to catch the light in her eye. Rebecca turned to him quickly for one instant, and he had his will. She gave him one kindly glance, and saying, "Wait a little," resumed her old attitude of thought—that of Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de Medici.

Morley waited for her in silence and in patience. "Here," he said to himself, "is a woman who will actually think before she speaks. Here is also a woman who can act, who has acted, on far-seeing, deliberate conviction, careless of present consequences. Are there two Hettys in the world?" He sat and watched her, wondering what would come.

He had a long time to wait before it came, for she did not open her mouth until she had made up her mind. And then she told him every thing, decisively, and straightforwardly, as one man tells a whole matter to another man who is his friend.

She moved closer to him on the sofa where they sat, so that the two beautiful faces were not very far apart, and so that her eyes could look straight up into his. And there and then she told him every thing.

Her wasted, rebellious, furious youth; her secret hankering after popery—the religion of her mother, he must mind—as promising some sort of rest to her furious heart; the quieting effect that the gentle Primitive Methodists had had on her always; her rage and hatred against Hagbut because he wanted to marry her; the real reason of her wild escapade to Ramsgate; her love for her father; her love for Carry; her love for her little dog; her love for Mr. Spicer and Jim Akin; her love for Jack Hartop; for Hetty, whom she had never seen, and her love for him—Morley. "I assure you, Mr. Morley, that I believe I am a most affectionate person, if I had a fair chance. But people are so cross. I'd get fond of old Russel and old Soper if they would only be civil."

RAIN SONG—"IS THE RAIN SAD? AH, NO! NOT THE DEAR APRIL RAIN."

Mr. Morley said, "Quite so."

Then she went on, resuming the Lorenzo de Medici attitude again, and leaving herself and her experience, told him in a plain, business-like manner, the whole story of her father, and her troubles from beginning to end. "For," she said, "you have got kind, trust-worthy eyes, like Mab's, and if one wants to keep out of Bedlam, one must tell some one. And so she told him all about the fearful responsibility her father had undertaken, pointed out to him that her father's action was nearly illegal, being done without the consent of trustees, of whom Sir Gorham Philpott was one.

Here Mr. Morley interrupted her for a moment. "Was Lord Ducetoy married?"

"No; and he would not get married for a month or so, until affairs were in some way square. He was to be married to Miss Egerton of Delamere."

Mr. Morley was satisfied at once, and begged her to proceed.

She went on at once, eagerly, not catching the drift of Morley's last inquiry; for he was so surprised at Turner's singular and chivalrous behavior, that it had entered into his, not generally a suspicious mind, that Turner wished Lord Ducetoy to marry Rebecca. Rebecca, I say, went on, and told him of the clouding of her father's mind; of his religious doubts; of his strange midnight wanderings up and down the old house; of the awful responsibility which weighed on her with regard to him. She told him all; and then, turning her face to his again, asked for his advice.

"It is easily given, Rebecca," he said; "go on as you are going now. Do your duty to him as you are doing it now, and you will not fail. You have a clear sharp brain, *use it;* and you will do well."

"But I have *done* nothing," said Rebecca.

"What could you do?" said Morley.

Rebecca's chin went in her hand again directly; and after a time she said:

"I don't see, speaking honestly, that I could have done any more than I have. The time for action has not come. And then I am such a fool, you know."

"Are you?"

"They all say so."

"Well, then, of course it is true. About this business, taken as a whole, you can do nothing more than you have done. It is one of those matters on which one can not decide. Your father is behaving splendidly; but if his religion goes from him in the struggle, your father will die. I will talk to him. You are a good girl; indeed, I always thought you were, do you know;" and Morley laughed.

"That is all very fine," said Rebecca; "but at the same time one would like a little practical advice."

"I'll manage matters for you, my child," said Morley. "I'll shift no responsibility off your shoulders on to mine, but I will make things easier for you. You do your little duty, and you will come to no harm."

"Then you don't think me such a very naughty girl?"

"Well, well! you are behaving well now."

"Am I naughtier than Hetty?"

"You leave Hetty alone; Hetty is no business of yours."

"But Hetty was naughty. What did she do, Mr. Morley?"

"She was exceedingly naughty, and I was very nearly being angry with her; that is what she did."

"Am I never to see Hetty?"

"What on earth do you want to see her for?"

"I don't know," said Rebecca. "I think I should like her. There can not be much harm about her, or Jack Hartop would not love her as he does. He says that she has been wrecked three times, and that the Queen wrote her a letter. Why was she shipwrecked?"

"Because she shipped on board ships which happened to be wrecked."

"Hum!" said Rebecca. "But why did the Queen write to her?"

"Because she did her duty, as you are doing yours now."

"But tell me more," said Rebecca, eagerly. "Let me know *something* of her; for I love her, and I can't tell why. What did she do that the Queen should have written to her. Tell me."

Dangerous work this. Two noble and enthusiastic souls, sitting close to one another, and telling of great and noble deeds. As for Morley, *he* had made up his mind long before. He was determined to marry Rebecca, and Hartop and Hetty knew it. As for Rebecca, she brought her fate on herself. If she had desired her freedom she should not have sat on the sofa beside a very attractive dissenting minister, and have forced him to tell the tale of his daughter's heroism. All that happened to her was her own fault. But they will do it. Searching among rare old books the other day, I came across a very scarce play called *Othello, or the Moor of Venice.* In that play the Moor actually wins his Venetian beauty by telling travelers' taradiddles of the Sir John Mandeville type. Morley did not do this; he only told the plain truth about his daughter. But the telling of chivalrous adventures is a very successful way of courting. At least, the man Shakspeare thought so.

"I have no objection to tell you what Hetty did on that occasion," said Mr. Morley. "It may show you what a woman may be worth under certain circumstances. She had been up and down the North Devon coast so often that she could tell every headland in the darkest night. Well, one night, working up from Hayle against a slow eastering wind and a heavy ebb tide, the wind shifted against the sun, and came from nor'-west a hurricane. The skipper put her head for Cardiff, but that *Bride* is the most thundering—I beg a thousand pardons; you must remember that I live among sailors."

"You did not say any thing?" said Rebecca.

"Well, I was very near doing it," said Morley. "My dear, that *Bride* is the most thundering idiot of a ship you ever saw. With even the N.W. sea she shipped enough water on board to put out her fires, and there she lay entirely without deck ports to let the water away, trusting to her scuppers, which were choked with deck lumber, close to a lee-shore, with the seas getting up from the Atlantic, nothing between you and Charleston, South Carolina, and the skipper utterly uncertain as to where he was. Do you understand this, my dear Rebecca?"

"Not a bit," she said. "You and Hetty must teach me."

"We will," said Morley. "My dear Hetty, finding her cabins flooded and the ship nearly water-logged, with fires out, and stokers and firemen on deck, naturally came on deck herself, bareheaded, with all her glorious beauty, wild in the storm; you know Hetty's beauty—no, by-the-by, you don't—but it is greater than your own, child. And in the terror of the tempest she asked the skipper where they were.

"And the skipper said, 'I think we have sea-room, Miss Morley; we are off the Bideford River, and we may get anchorage and ride it out. Can you see to leeward? Is it not so?'

"But Hetty never answered one word. She peered to leeward through the fury of the tempest, and she came back to him with the message of death quite quietly.

"'My dear Captain Jeffries, you are not off the Bideford River at all. Look there over the starboard bow. That black wall is Baggy Point. Think; can it be any thing else?'

"And the skipper put his hat on the deck and trampled on it.

"But Hetty said, 'I will go and get my women ready for death, for with this set of the tide we shall be on Morte Stone in ten minutes. Alas! I wish this was untrue.' And the skipper said, 'Is there nothing to be done?' And Hetty said, 'Yes. Make sail on her and put her ashore at Wollacombe.' 'With rising tide?' said the skipper. 'It is better than Morte Stone,' said Hetty.

"And he did it, my dear Rebecca. He made sail on her and put her helm up. And she burst heavily on shore, with the rising tide behind her, and the rapidly accumulating sea following her, and getting more furious each moment.

"It was a dim, dark winter's night, my dear, and there was no help to be had. One by one the sailors leaped into the long surf, and some were drowned and some escaped. Hetty got her women into the forecastle, for the ship had gone stem on, and at last no one was left but the women and the skipper.

"The skipper was doubtful about the ship lasting out the tide; but Hetty pointed out to him that she, although a *beast*, was strongly built. To the women under her care she pointed out the fact that in three hours they would walk on shore. And as she was telling them this the ship, by the rising of the tide, shifted broadside on, with a sickening, thumping lurch, and the sea, which hitherto had only been beating over the poop, burst in its rising anger over the whole ship.

"And all the women, young and old, huddled round my beautiful daughter, crying to her to save them. And she, believing that the end had actually come, quieted them by prayer."

A pause.

"You say they were saved. Oh yes! they were saved. The captain and the women walked ashore the next morning and went to Ilfracombe. But the Queen wrote to Hetty, and that is what she wrote about."

Dangerous talk this, or the rare play of *Othello* errs.

Mr. Morley came very often indeed now, and his gentle, kindly ministrations had some good effect on Mr. Turner. Morley took the line with him that he had devoted his life to what he thought the right, and that if he had erred it was only in searching after a nearly impossible excellence. This was in the main true, and it comforted Turner exceedingly. The effect on Turner was not so satisfactory as Mr. Morley could have desired. He suddenly developed a vainglorious, boastful mood, and would talk by the hour, to Rebecca in particular, on his virtuous and blameless life; would compare his life to the lives of all the other men he knew, very much to his own advantage. In fact, the poor man's brain was upset by anxiety, and he had got into that frame of thought which consists in persistently stating one's case against destiny, proceeds into an active contemplation of self, and ends in Bedlam. Morley saw this after a time, and counteracted it as well as he was able. On the whole, however, he did Turner much good, and made life easier for Rebecca.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SUDDEN SURPRISE.

ONE Saturday night her father was in a very silent, thoughtful mood, and would not speak at all, but sat brooding, and now and then would kneel down and pray—to poor Rebecca's great discomfiture. How many bitter tears she shed that night who can tell? She saw that he was not angry with her; for even when he sat by the half-hour together, looking steadily at her, his look was not unkind. This little fact saved her from hysterics; for, to an exceedingly sensitive nature like hers, the fact of having a stern old

man sitting perfectly silent before her, hour after hour, and staring at her with intervals of prayer, was nearly too much. She was relieved when he took his candle and prepared to go to bed.

"Rebecca," he said, "I desire that you will be ready for Mr. Morley to-morrow morning by the first boat."

"What does he want with me?"

"I do not know; but you will have the goodness to go with him. Good-night." And he went.

It would be very difficult to say what Rebecca's thoughts were that night. They were, one would fancy, not very profound. She had tact enough to see that Mr. Morley would, most probably, ask her no question requiring any immediate answer; yet he might. Long before morning dawned she had thought it all through, and had come to the resolution that if on this occasion, or on any other, Mr. Morley chose to put a certain question to her, that he would have a most decided and emphatic answer; an answer which would prevent his ever repeating his question. "For we do love him, Mab, don't we?" she said to her little dog. "The only question is, what does he think of us?"

She had breakfast ready for him, and was nicely dressed when he came. "Well, Mr. Morley," she said, "and so I am to have a Sunday out with you? If you are pleased, I am sure I am. This is very kind and considerate of you, indeed. Where are we going?"

"I was going to ask you to come down to Limehouse with me."

"I am dressed, ready to go where you will. Now we will start, or you will be late for your service."

Morley rose and leaned against the chimney-piece, and Rebecca stood before him. The man had resolved the night before to examine her character more closely, in times of trial, for another six months. He had resolved that he would see her under every form of temptation before he committed himself irrevocably; he had determined that he would see how far he could mould her character—had made a hundred priggish resolutions. But as she stood before him at that moment she looked so grand, so noble, and withal so good, that his resolutions all went to the wind; and, like a true man as he was, he spoke his mind.

"Rebecca, child, I love you more than all the world besides."

She only flushed up and stood quite still. She was as utterly unprepared for this as he was himself. She hardly thought it would come at all; still less on this day; still less at the beginning. But these accidents happen, and Rebecca, although prepared with her answer, could not give it from sheer surprise.

"Are you angry with me? Is there another?" he said. And she quickly found her tongue—"Oh no, no! no other. Please try to love me, Mr. Morley, and I will do my very best."

And so they kissed one another and jogged out to the steamboat arm in arm, with no further words which would assist the telling of this story; and it was all over and done, for ever and ever, a great deal sooner than either of them dreamed of. And men of the world have informed me that this is frequently the case. "If a man and a woman," said one of them, sententiously, "have made up their minds to make fools of themselves, they no more know at what particular time they will do it any more than you or I do. They, however, always do it before they mean to."

They jogged out arm in arm down the lane in the most sedate manner conceivable. But you can not keep that sort of thing quiet; it will show itself. Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin were taking the refreshment of shag tobacco, out of the style of pipe which they called "long churchwardens," when Mr. Morley and Rebecca passed. *They* saw what had happened directly. Mr. Akin said:

"She's took him."

Mr. Spicer said, "He has got her, hard and fast."

"He is a Methody, ain't he?" said Mr. Akin.

"Oh!" said Mr. Spicer, "but he is a sailor Methody. Why, that man," he went on, pointing after the disappearing Mr. Morley with his pipe-stem, "has been a-bursted up, with shipwrecks, and earthquakes, and gales of wind, more than any skipper as sails upon the sea. He has got a good 'un, and she has got a good 'un. There is her little dog a-coming out, Jim, a-trying to foller; send her back. Hish back, little dog. Hish back, little pretty pet."

But Jim Akin, having secured Mab, with that intense love of a highly-bred dog which seems almost ingrained in the Londoner's nature, possessed himself of Mab's person, and made her take breakfast on a chair among his children. Mab, as great a radical as her mistress, enjoyed this extremely, and was, in fact, not taken back till just before chapel-time; by which time our two friends were landing far down the river.

The steamer was nearly empty, for it was very early, and they sat alone and talked.

"When did you think of this first, my beloved?" said Morley.

"Only very lately. I am utterly taken by surprise."

"And I also. I never dreamed of speaking so soon. My own, I have no home to offer you. I am bound for the sea."

"And I must stay by father," she said. "So that happens well."

"Then will you wait, Rebecca?"

"Wait for what?"

"To be married."

"Of course I will wait, any time. I have got your heart; I care for nothing more."

"Now I am going to say something which will offend you," said Mr. Morley.

"I think not," said Rebecca; "but say it."

"All this has been talked over, time after time, between Hetty, Jack Hartop, and I."

"No, really! Well, I am very glad of that. Does Hetty think she will like me, dear?"

"You shall find out that for yourself."

"I am content. Alfred, this is the first day I have ever felt peace in my whole life. When may I know Hetty?"

"When she comes back from America, perhaps."

"Only perhaps. Are you going to America, Alfred?"

"I am going farther than what one generally calls America. I have failed here to a certain extent. I am only popular among sailors, and sailors come and go; and the regular connection at Limehouse dislike me for preaching pure moralisms, and for consorting with the men of the Establishment. They are right. But I am a scholar and a gentleman, and it is a sore temptation for me to mix with the men of the Establishment, who are, some of them, scholars and gentlemen. And as for preaching moralisms, what can one preach else, when the heart is sick? And, again, Hetty, my darling Hetty, is a standing scandal to a certain set, the rich set, down there; and so I am going abroad; and I have no home to give you."

"But," said Rebecca, "if you have power among the sailors they should keep you."

"Well, you see your brother-in-law, Hagbut, has gone so terribly against Hetty. And he is all-powerful there."

"I will ask no more about Hetty," said Rebecca, laughing, "because I sha'n't be told. But all dissenters are not so narrow as these?"

"Bless you, no. It is only our little connection, fighting for sheer existence, which is so narrow. Any one of the larger sects would welcome me—ay, and Hetty with me."

"And you could not join them?"

"No," said Morley. "Theoretically, our people are the only pure Christians. Practically, from ignorance, vanity, and stupidity, we are the weakest of all sects. But I am no turn-coat."

"Where thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," murmured Rebecca. And so they went on their Sabbath-day's journey,

> Until the forward creeping tides
> Began to foam and they to draw,
> From deep to deep to where they saw
> The great ships lift their shining sides.

And Mr. Morley said, "This is Limehouse. Do you think you shall like it?"

"I'll see," said Rebecca, as they went on shore.

He was very anxious to know, for he had his plans; but he did not press her, but waited anxiously, for Limehouse is not at all an attractive place. Rebecca's first impressions of it were, that it was very dirty; that it smelt of tar and coals; that the ladies of Limehouse did not do their hair at their first toilet, or levee, and that they stood in the middle of the street, with their arms crossed, and stopped talking to stare at her. That there were too many bare-armed ladies leaning out of upper windows, who talked to one another across the street, and had the same disconcerting habit of being perfectly and suddenly dumb, as she and Mr. Morley went by. Likewise the gentlemen, although evidently sailors, were by no means sailors of the Hartop type, being far less deferential and far more ostentatious in the admiration of her beauty than was at all desirable; and, moreover, she could not disguise from herself that but a few of these gentlemen were strictly sober, though only one was drunk—a Norwegian skipper, a short, stout man, with a great blonde curling beard down over his broad chest, who had been making a night of it, and was bent on making a day of it, but who was being taken to his ship by a select committee or caucus of experienced topers, and whose reiterated argument was that his ship lay off the back-door of every public house which he passed. This was strange, and not very agreeable, to Rebecca, and she still withheld her opinion.

But, when they went further, she began to alter her opinion, and, in fact, changed it altogether.

On the edge of the brimming river they came on a quiet, peaceful row of houses. These houses partly faced the river one way, and on the other a dock, in which ships, small ones it is true, but still real ships which had fought the great ocean, with their yard-arms against the windows of the houses.

They came along this dock in approaching the river, and Rebecca looked down on the decks of the ships, and began wondering how those dull inert masses must look at the mercy of all the fury of wind and sea combined against them. There was no sign of the great sea struggle on them now; only a waste of coiled ropes on deck, and cobweb-like rigging aloft. On one of them was a boy, a cosly boy, in a blue jersey. He, in the surrounding silence and peace, was remarkable. On board another was another boy (washed, this one), who played with the skipper's dog: this boy was an event; on another was the skipper's boy climbing up a high ladder to shore with the Sunday's dinner of neck-of-mutton, with potatoes under it, and a solitary onion atop, balanced on his head, going to the baker's, while, from below, the skipper's wife, baby on arm, watched him breathlessly.

"I shall like this place very much indeed," she said, emphatically and suddenly.

"That is well," said Morley.

"Do you *know* these people?" asked Rebecca.

Morley stood still until the boy with the potatoes and mutton had effected his dangerous landing on that iron-bound coast, and continued to look down on to the deck of the ship. After a time the skipper's wife's eye, being diverted from the very dangerous landing of that bold young mariner, the apprentice, rested on Mr. Morley. Whereupon she danced the baby, and "hailed" Mr. Morley in that peculiar yell with which the wives of coasting skippers hail the wives of other coasting skippers, their gossips, on the high sea. C in alto staccato, I suppose, not being musical myself, notes inaudible to the male ear on the waste of waters, but perfectly audible in dock to a priest as well used to sailors' wives as Mr. Morley. While Rebecca was reading on the stern of the vessel, *Jane*, Ilfracombe, she heard the following dialogue:

"My dear, tender heart, how be ye?"

"All well here, Mrs. Camp?"

"He has a-gone to chapel, my dear," said Mrs. Camp, "and he is agoing to stay. So nice and kind he is. And I'm coming if the boy is back in time; but I can't leave the ship."

"Listen to me," said Morley, in a strangely emphatic voice: "Have you any fire on board?"

"No," said Mrs. Camp, coming close under him, and speaking eagerly.

"Then, if the boy don't come back, leave the ship and come and communicate. Remember, it may be the last chance either of you will have to communicate together forever. Come and kneel with him. There will be an empty place in his heart some day, maybe, if you do not."

The woman said "Wait," and went into the cabin, and in a moment had reappeared with a bonnet on, not clean, and a gray shawl over her shoulders (for these people were not rich), and her baby on her arm. "Now," she said, "minister, I am ready. God bless you for pointing it out."

And they three walked away together. And Rebecca took all these things and hid them in her heart.

Now baby had not occurred as a difficulty to Rebecca, but Mrs. Camp had provided for baby, and was going to leave him on the way with one Mrs. Tryon, widow of a deceased warrant officer, R.N., who lived on his pension, and on the letting of lodgings to dissenting skippers. She was the most terrible tartar in that peaceful waterside community, and the most difficult to manage. "No one," said the dwellers in Ropewalk Terrace, "could get to the windward of Mrs. Tryon, save Mr. Morley, and a sailor's wife in distress."

Now it so happened, in the everlasting fitness of things, that Captain Moriarty, of Waterford, a Papist, had run his schooner, the *Ninety-eight*, in on the tide opposite her house, and had then incontinently gone ashore and amused himself. And that schooner, finding herself deserted by the tide, with no hawsers laid out to larboard, had, in an idiotic and beery way, heeled over and poked her foretopsail-yard through Mrs. Tryon's best parlor-window, to the destruction of property. If it had been a Protestant ship she would not have cared; but a Papist ship—the *Ninety-eight* (she was old enough to remember Hoche), was too much. The damage to property was small; but if a stanch dissenting Protestant woman's windows were to be broken by the yard-arm of a Papist ship, why then—So she had laid in wait for Captain Moriarty.

Captain Moriarty had kept away like a good sailor and a dextrous Irishman, till he supposed she had started for chapel. But it was no good. As Mr. Morley and Rebecca came up they were hard at it. Both Mr. Moriarty and Mrs. Tryon were sincerely religious in their very various ways; and Mrs. Tryon, knowing this well, exercised him principally on religious grounds, until he was half crazy with anger.

"That is what the old fool at Rome tells you to do, is it? To break into widows' houses with your foretopsail-yard, and for a pretense make long prayers. Oh, yours is a precious religion, yours is!"

"You insult my religion, Mrs. Tryon," said the Irishman; "I never insulted yours. It was an accident, and I am very sorry."

"*Accident!*" said Mrs. Tryon. "Why, if my poor man that is gone had come home the worse for drink, and had moored his ship as you have moored yours, me and my gal would have gone out in the dead of the darkest night, and have taken the hawsers to larboard ourselves. Bah!"

By this moment our party had arrived, and had heard what had been said. There was no need for any interference on the part of Mr. Morley, for Mrs. Camp stepped up to Mrs. Tryon with baby, and said:

"My dear, mind baby for me. I want to go to chapel with Mr. Morley, and take Sacrament with my old man. For we are going to the old Cameroons, on the West Coast, and we shall never come back no more, I doubt."

Hard-featured Mrs. Tryon flushed up. "Here, Keziah," she said to her maid, "take this baby; I am going to chapel. Moriarty, don't mind my tongue, for you are a good man; mind your larboard hawsers."

And so they all went together. And Rebecca said, as they went, "I think I shall like this place very much indeed."

When they came out from chapel there was a brimming flood-tide under a bright sun, with the ships passing upward under a good brisk wind from the free happy sea beyond.

"How far is it to the sea, Alfred?" asked Rebecca, in a whisper, for the congregation was still round them.

"Fifty miles."

"We shall sail on it together one day, sha'n't we, with Hetty and Hartop?"

"I hope so," said Mr. Morley, quietly; "but much must happen first. I must provide a home."

"Yes. I do not mean that," said Rebecca; "I was only thinking of your sermon. Why did you take such a text on such a happy day as this, and preach only of the cruelty of the sea? Such a wild, strange text—'The burden of the desert of the sea.'"

"I only wished to check your fanciful love for it, Rebecca. A day will come when you will not love it as well as you do now."

And Rebecca said only, "Well, the present is with us, and I am very happy."

"I want to ask you, Rebecca, if you have any objection to my telling what has happened between us two to a few intimate friends?"

"I have none at all, Alfred, if you think it right. I am very proud of it, I assure you."

I, for my part, don't think that there was much necessity for any announcement at all. The whole congregation might run and read, and in fact did so. When they saw their very handsome and eminently marriageable minister with a beautiful young lady on his arm, to whom he talked in whispers, they formed their own conclusions, and generally "overhauled" her (we are in a nautical neighborhood), at their one o'clock dinner, some saying she was too fine for him, but the most of them thinking that she would do, but that her beauty put them too strongly in mind of that poor Mrs. Hartop; they hoped that he might have better luck with his wife than he had had with his daughter, but generally acquiesced in what did not in the least concern them, and wished their good minister well. Two young ladies seceded for a week or so, and met one another at various chapels in the neighborhood for a few Sundays; but even they got over it in time. The "minister's wooing" was a patent thing to all.

But here were the minister and his sweetheart (we have no better word than that dear old English one, except that abominable French one, *fiancée!*) on the breezy quay, with all the congregation gone except a very few, dreaming and whispering. They were aroused by the emphatic voice of Mrs. Tryon, a woman given to management from her youth upward, who said:

"Where do you take your dinner to-day, minister?"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Morley, with a start, "I had not thought about that."

"No one ever believed that you had," said Mrs. Tryon. "But here are Captain and Mrs. Camp, making an extraordinary proposal."

And, indeed, there was no one on the wharf but Mrs. Tryon and Mr. and Mrs. Camp, when Mr. Morley turned round to speak to them.

"My dear friends," he said, "I want to tell you something. This young lady has promised to be my wife."

"So I should have supposed," said Mrs. Tryon the irrepressible. "And a lucky woman, too, if she only knows it. Well, my dear, I wish you all joy and happiness. There's no such good husbands in the world as sailors, my dear. And *he* is a sailor, true blue every inch of him! But what do you say to this ridiculous proposal of Captain and Mrs. Camp?"

Captain Camp stood meekly behind his wife and pushed her forward, prompting her in whispers from behind his hand; and Mrs. Camp did the talking.

"Mr. Morley, me and my old man thought that you being a real sailor, and having made no arrangements for dinner, and Mrs. Tryon's windows being broke in—"

"By the yard-arm of a Papist foretop-sail schooner," interposed Mrs. Tryon, with emphasis.

"Quite so, thank you," said Mrs. Camp, turning to Mrs. Tryon gratefully, as if from the stores of Mrs. Tryon's wisdom she had been assisted with an additional argument which had previously escaped her. "Mrs. Tryon's house being broke into by Captain Moriarty, a dear loved friend, I am sure, but incautious; we thought that perhaps—seeing that we're for the Cameroons, and might never come back—that you would have your dinner aboard. But the young lady. Miss, I humbly wish you every joy; but I doubt it wouldn't do for you, Miss."

"Please let me go, Alfred. Do let me go," said Rebecca, eagerly. Whereupon Captain Camp came forward, and Rebecca looked at him.

A splendid young sailor, truly, but not of the Hartop type. Very blonde, with a golden beard, cool, deliberate, but wanting vitality; a man who is apt to knock under on a bad coast, an anxious man, who kills himself by worrying about his responsibilities, when coarser natures, often culpably careless, lose their ships and make such a good sailor-like show before the Board that they keep their certificates, while men like Captain Camp have theirs suspended. This young man said to them very quietly:

"If it was possible, Mr. Morley, that you could dine with us it would give us great pleasure. If this lady is to be a true wife to you, and if you are the same man as ever, she will fare rougher than she will to-day. Our last voyage was to Levant, Miss; and we can give you pretty and delicate things to eat, which you could scarcely buy in shops."

"Please let me go, Alfred!"

"My dear, I am not preventing you. I should like you to go. Only I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought. I am very hungry, and Mrs. Camp's mutton must be on its way home, so we had better get on board ship as soon as possible."

"You will do, my dear," said Mrs. Tryon. "Camp, you had better start your boy up to my place for some knives and forks and things. You shall have my place with your back against the mizzen-mast."

"Are you coming?" said Rebecca, as they walked. "I am glad of that."

"Are you, my dear? well, that is good hearing, for it is few like me. As for coming, I make it a rule never to dine ashore on Sundays—Rabbit the man, he will never be quiet in his grave till he has had my house down!"

This last exclamation was tortured out of her as they rounded the corner and had come in sight of her own house, and the reason of it was this: the schooner *Ninety-eight* had righted with the rising tide, and, in so righting herself, pulled away the whole of Mrs. Tryon's veranda. It

was really a serious disaster in a small way, and Mrs. Camp dreaded a terrible storm. She took Mrs. Tryon the terrible by the arm, and said:

"Don't be angry with him, dear; he is only an Irishman. Think where we have been together to-day, and don't be angry with him, he is such a good fellow."

"*I* won't be angry with him, my dear," said Mrs. Tryon. "But I will have it out of his owners if there is a law in the land."

"And then the Board will stop his certificate," said Mrs. Camp. "Don't'ee say any thing, don't'ee. He was so kind to us, when my man got his ship ashore at Fayal. Don't'ee say any thing. Minister, ask her not to quarrel with him."

"I will take no steps at all," said Mrs. Tryon, "further than asking him to moor his ship opposite some other widow's house. But how has he managed to do it? My old man used to say, when talking of gunnery, that the angle of incidence was equal to the angle of reflection. So I should have supposed that when he had once poked his yard-arm through my window, he could have taken it out again, without pulling half the wall down. I see, this is your Irish seamanship."

Captain Moriarty was straight in their way, and it was unavoidable that there should be an interchange of broadsides. They were all a little nervous, as the frigate Tryon ranged alongside the frigate Moriarty. Moriarty prepared to fire.

Mrs. Tryon delivered her broadside and passed on, leaving Moriarty in a state of collapse.

"Seas and tidal waters," she said, "are free to all nations, in times of peace. At the same time, Captain Moriarty, the next time it pleases you to knock a Protestant widow's house about her ears, I would trouble you to remember, that it is better seamanship, according to English Protestant lights, to let a ship right as she went over, and not to alter her angle by useless hawsers. Likewise, if you had let go your larboard tacks and sheets, your yard-arm would have come out of my parlor without carrying away the veranda. Whereas, there they are all taut now to shame you, as taut as any standing rigging. Have you *navigated* Mrs. Camp's baby to death, or has it escaped?"

No, Mrs. Camp's baby was waiting for them opposite Captain Camp's ship. Keziah had made it ill with Ipecacuanha lozenges, but babies generally are ill, as far as I have ever observed, and so it did not much matter. Not only the baby was here, but the boy, arriving from the baker's, with the mutton on his head, and going across the ladder (for it was now high tide) before them, without apology, feeling himself master of the situation. In less than three minutes Rebecca found herself, with her back to the mizzenmast, in a rather small cabin, eating baked mutton and potatoes—and liking it too.

"I hope you like your dinner, Miss Turner?" said Mrs. Camp, anxiously.

"I like it very much," said Rebecca. "And I like the place I eat it in, and I like the people I eat it with."

"So *you* can make *your* mind easy, Mrs. Camp," struck in Mrs. Tryon. And to Rebecca, "I knew you were one of us, my dear, the first moment I set eyes on you."

"I'll do my best," said Rebecca. "If people will be kind to me, I will do any thing. But I am foolish. If any one is unkind to me, I will sit moping and dull, without any power of action, for days and days."

"That's bad," said Mrs. Tryon; "but it is better than flying out and saying things you never meant, and which you can't recall. If a man don't love a woman, her hard words are nothing. If he does, her words mean more than she thought, and he wants time to forget them, and don't always do that. And a man's hard words to a woman are worse, because a woman can't ship for a voyage as a man can, and come home like a bridegroom. As for me, I only speak of what I have seen in others, for I have had no experience myself."

"You were married a long time, Mrs. Tryon?" said Rebecca.

"Yes, but me and my old man never had words. We both had tempers, and so, knowing that, we kept them. And he was a good husband to me; and the parting was bitter. With the Sacrament in my mouth, I should not bear ill-will; but it was that African squadron killed him, and so I bear ill-will to the Cameroons. It didn't much matter. Our minister has assurance that we shall meet again. And then all doubts will be cleared up, and old love revived (as if it wanted reviving), and we shall go on hand in hand through eternity. Therefore, Miss Turner, what does such a trifling parting as ours matter?"

"Then we shall meet our loved ones again?" said Rebecca.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Tryon: "unless the Book lies, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' I think that finishes the argument, Miss, if there were any. Piff."

The gentle Mrs. Camp changed the conversation by arriving, after a short absence with her husband, laden with quaint boxes and quainter bottles, the spoils of the East.

"We sailed to Levant last voyage, Miss," she said, "and we brought these things home, for friends. And if Mr. Morley and his sweet-heart (I know no better word, Miss Turner), are not friends, who are? Here are figs from Syra, better than you can buy, and here are the little grapes, from Xante (you call them currants), which I laid in sugar by my own hand, just before baby was born. You don't take wine, I doubt; but take a little to-day, for our sakes; this is some that my old man bought at St. Lucas, Spanish wine, strong, but very good. Do be hospitable, my dear young lady, with a Devonshire woman, and drink a little drop of wine with us."

Rebecca consented most willingly, and indeed the wine was most admirable wine, like port, a wine not got in this country.

"You find this cabin close now," said Mrs. Camp, as soon as the boy, who had waited perfectly, as he waited from good-will, had been sent to his dinner, and baby was established on his throne. "You would feel baked in such a little cabin as this."

"It is the nicest place I have ever been in," said Rebecca. "I suppose it is different in a gale of wind at sea?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Camp, "I have been through it all more than once, with the old man, in this cabin. This ain't our first baby, Miss Turner. Our first was drowned down there, under that locker, behind you, when I lay drowned, and nigh dead on this very place, with my head cut open."

"Well, we don't want to hear about that," said Mrs. Tryon. "Sailors' wives have their trials, and you have had yours. Similarly I have had mine. Similarly Miss Turner will have hers. Why, my boy was eighteen when he sailed for the West Coast, and never came home again. Therefore, what are your troubles to mine?"

"That is very true, Mrs. Tryon," said the humble Mrs. Camp; "and I am wicked to think of my little troubles, in any way. But I think I am sentimental to-day; and that is what a sailor's wife should never be. I suppose it is because I went to Sacrament with the old man for the last time."

"What do you mean by the last time?" said Mrs. Tryon, sternly.

"I didn't mean any harm," said Mrs. Camp. "But we are going to the West Coast."

"Better folks than you have been to the West Coast and come back again," said Mrs. Tryon. "Don't cry out before you are hurt. The *Cleopatra* has only lost ten hands in eighteen months. Of course, if you, in your lazy, merchant way, choose to moor in a mangrove swamp, you will all die. Veer out a couple of cables, and lie well off shore, out of the land-fog, as her Majesty's ships do, and you will come to no harm at all. If you sneak into fever holds you will have fever. Mr. Morley, I am going to chapel."

Mr. Morley, who had been having a quiet conversation at the end of the table with Mr. Camp, asked Rebecca if she was inclined to go; but told Mrs. Camp that he was not going to chapel, but had provided for his duty.

"Then why not stay longer with us?" said Captain Camp. "We shall never see you again."

"She and I have much to speak of, as you may understand," said Mr. Morley. "I only said the words to her this morning."

"You have a prize," said Captain Camp.

"Yes, indeed," said Morley. "I have known her, and watched her for long."

"What does Hetty think of her?" said Captain Camp.

"She has never seen her; and Rebecca knows nothing of Hetty. Jack Hartop is the only one of our local connection who has ever seen her."

"But, my dear minister, is this concealment wise?"

"Hagbut hates Hetty so; and he is all-powerful."

"That is true. Well, Miss Rebecca is a trump, at all events. Good-by."

And Mr. Morley and Rebecca crossed the ladder, and stood again on the wharf. The afternoon had become wild and rainy, and the tide was going down; and Mr. Moriarty's ship's maintopsail-yard was (through Mr. Moriarty's careless arrangement of hawsers) rapidly approaching Mrs. Tryon's bedroom window. Mrs. Tryon had resigned herself to this fresh desecration of her hearth-stone, and gone to chapel: the Camps had got ready for a sailors' dawdle among the ships. But our two set their heads westward, knowing that their end for the present was Walham Green.

"Could you get on with such people as those, Rebecca?" said he. "If I was long away, could you live with them?"

"I could live and die with them," said Rebecca. "Those people are alive, ours are dead. Is the sea so cruel as they tell us, dear?"

"The sea is very cruel. The world is cruel, also. Come, *you* have seen that."

"I shall have to wait for you?"

"Yes."

"I wish I could wait for you there. Mrs. Tryon is better than Miss Soper; and I do so dearly like those Camps."

"You will hardly see much of them," said Mr. Morley; "they are bound on a long voyage."

Ay, indeed, they were. An old, old story, read in the papers every day; but a wearisome one to tell, from sheer reiteration. The Camps sailed away on ebb-tide, a week after this, with their baby, and their apprentice, and five hands all told. And they sailed westward, before the east wind of late March; and they sailed away into the golden west of early spring, and nothing was ever heard of them from that day to this. Nothing will ever be heard of them until the sea gives up her dead. They had taken the Sacrament together for the last time on earth.

To Rebecca they had been like a bright gleam of sunshine, on the happiest, most April-like day of her whole life. In the times soon to come, when she was all alone, watching a dying life, behind windows which quivered and rattled in the furious blast, she would hear the cry of sailors mooring their ship. And she, in that vague, foolish superstition, of which those who have watched long by the beds of the dying can tell you, would slip down silently, saying "That is Camp's ship." But it never was Camp's ship, and it never will be; for Camp's ship, wife, baby, boy, and all her crew, are at the bottom of the blue, wandering sea.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOME AGAIN.

Rebecca got home soon after afternoon chapel, and Mr. Morley left her at the door. She was very quiet and cool over what had happened, not seeing any great reason why she should be otherwise. Mr. Morley had bidden her tell her father at once, and she went up stairs to do so very quietly.

He was sitting alone, with the little dog on his knee, reading the "Pilgrim's Progress." His mind was perfectly quiet and unclouded this day, and he brightened up when he saw his handsome daughter before him. The little dog wriggled and scolded in his lap to get at her, and Mr. Turner put her down and smiled when she ran to Rebecca.

"My dear father, I hope you have not been dull?"

"No, daughter. I have been very happy. I was at the Communion with you in spirit; and I was glad to think that you were in pleasant, goodly company. Come and tell me where you have been."

"Please, pa," said Rebecca, kneeling at his feet, "I want to tell you something very particular indeed. Mr. Morley has asked me to marry him, and I have said that I would, if you would let me. And you will let me, won't you?"

"I am very glad of this," said Mr. Turner; "this is the only wish I had in this world, I think. I am very glad, my dear; God bless you. Try to be worthy of him."

"I will, father, indeed."

"I doubt you will be very poor," said Mr. Turner, as soon as Rebecca was seated. "You will have about £120 a year—he will never have any thing to speak of. He is not a drawing man, to any except the poor. But I don't see why you should not be happy. I'll tie your money up, and you shall have it when you marry. Four thousand pounds is all I can guarantee you. There may be a little more; but I can't tell. Hagbut is a near man."

"I was not thinking of money, father," said Rebecca.

"It would be extreme indecent if you were," said Mr. Turner; "but I was. I have secured you from actual poverty, and Hagbut is hard and near; and I gave my word to certain things with regard to Carry, or we should have had her on our hands forever and a day; and my word is as good as my bond. Beyond this four thousand pounds I can only give you Hobson Bay scrip, which may be worth something or nothing, but which has escaped that man's ferret-eyes. You won't starve, Rebecca."

"Pa, don't talk about money to-day."

"Well, I won't. Get me my tea."

She soon did that, and made him comfortable before the fire. "Come," he said, "don't take all the good things to yourself; give me the little dog," and Mab, a black peaked nose and hair, was handed reluctantly to him by Rebecca.

Mab had a great idea of Mr. Turner, considering him in the light of an idol or fetich, requiring continual propitiation and flattery. So she scuffled over his waistcoat, licked his face, and only desisted from her cultus of him when he gave her a little slap, after which she was quiet. Rebecca thought that she had seen the same sort of thing before in certain chapels; and indeed one may see the same in certain churches also.

"Pa," she said, when Mab was quiet, "tell me all about the Establishment."

"I don't know much about it. Is he going to join it?"

"Lor, no! He would die sooner. Only I wanted to know."

"Well, the Establishment is the gentleman's church. Never mind the Establishment. You listen to me, girl, and never you mind the Established Church."

"I was only talking to amuse you, Sir; and I will trouble you to remember that I have taken brevet rank, that I am engaged to Mr. Morley. So no airs."

They were but silly words, but they were said so prettily that Turner himself laughed for a moment. "Come, girl," he said, "you are happy to-day, and indeed, old Rebecca, I am happy in your happiness. I assure you that I am; but I am in trouble after trouble. Are you going to him at once, for I am sore bested, and I want you at home?"

"My dear father, he has asked me to wait a very long time, and I have told him that I could not leave you, and that *he* must wait a very long time."

"That is good," said Mr. Turner; "that is very good. Listen carefully to me, for my mind is unclouded to-night, and it may be clouded again to-morrow; for I have had a hard life of it, child. I have never had a day's holiday; and your mother—well, never mind her, poor dear, you have made it square between us—and my head goes at times; listen now, and be mute."

Rebecca listened intently.

"You have heard of the great house of Gorhambury & Co. (limited, in all ways save an unlimited smash)?"

Rebecca nodded.

"Well, they are hopelessly smashed for two millions and a half of money. They have been bankrupt for a long while; and their last effort was to get our cousin Ducetoy's title-deeds, and lease money on them, by which he would have been brought into the bankruptcy. His father had meddled and muddled with them in the old times, before they were a Company; and they thought they could connect him with the Company. I have saved him—utterly illegally."

"But he is nothing to us."

"He was your mother's cousin, and I owe her reparation," he said, gloomily; "I have papers which would tell one way, I don't say which. But they dare not ask for them."

"You mean papers which would involve Lord Ducetoy?"

"Yes, and I am acting illegally in withholding them."

"Then why do you withhold them?" asked Rebecca. "Be sure it is best to follow the law."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Turner; "I have seen too much of law. These papers, if produced, would put Lord Ducetoy's property into the bankruptcy."

"But the creditors," said Rebecca, aghast; "the poor souls who have invested their money—have you no pity for them?"

"They would take any advantage of the Company, and they must take their chance."

"But, pa, wrong can't make right. I am sorry for Lord Ducetoy, but for Heaven's sake restore these papers."

"I can't," said Mr. Turner.

"Nonsense. Why not?" asked Rebecca.

"Because I have *burned* them," said Mr. Turner. "Now as you have your father's character, and in consequence his life in your hands, I wish to point out another little matter, more in your way of business."

Rebecca, sitting pale and calm, was dumb from that moment and forever about her father's felony. But their relations from this moment were altered, never to be replaced on their former footing.

She never showed this fact to him, but he knew it, and acted on it. He was deferential to her after this. Sometimes he was insolent to her, but very seldom, and for a very short time; he was generally easy and almost jocular with her, but from this moment she was in a way mistress of the situation.

She had now entered into a community of guilt with her father. That her father's motives were of the highest order was certain, but still her father might be a convict to-morrow.

What was the effect of this singular community of fault between them? A strange one to ordinary eyes. A love which had never existed before. If pity, combined with admiration and fear for the object, does not produce love, what does? Again, if admiration and trust do not produce love, what again does? These two hearts were together now.

But I must return to the original conversation. Rebecca said, "But these documents will be demanded of you, pa!"

"No, they won't, my dear. I have too many forgeries, those of my own name among others, by Sir Gorhambury and Captain Gorhambury, for them ever to ask for them. Our danger does not lie here."

"Where does it lie then, father?" said Rebecca.

"In this," said Mr. Turner; "they will try to get into the house, and murder me to get at their own forgeries. So don't leave me, girl, and let the little dog sleep with me."

And so he went to bed. And Rebecca spent the first evening of her engagement in brooding over the fire, alone and terrified.

ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE-BITES.

In the last volume of "Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria," published at Melbourne, there was an account of Dr. Halford's interesting researches into the nature of the change produced in the blood by the poison of snake-bites. The doctor worked with the microscope, satisfied himself that there was a change, and described it, and has since had an opportunity of testing his theory and his antidote. A man working on a railway was bitten by a snake; ere long drowsiness came on; medical assistance was obtained, but by the time it arrived the man was comatose, and his lower extremities were paralyzed. Dr. Halford was then summoned by telegraph; he made an incision in a vein, inserted the point of a syringe, injected ammonia diluted with water; and the effect produced is described as "marvelous and immediate." The man became conscious, steadily recovered, and became quite well. Henceforth let all people who live in districts infested by poisonous snakes remember that *ammonia injected into a vein is the remedy for a bite.*

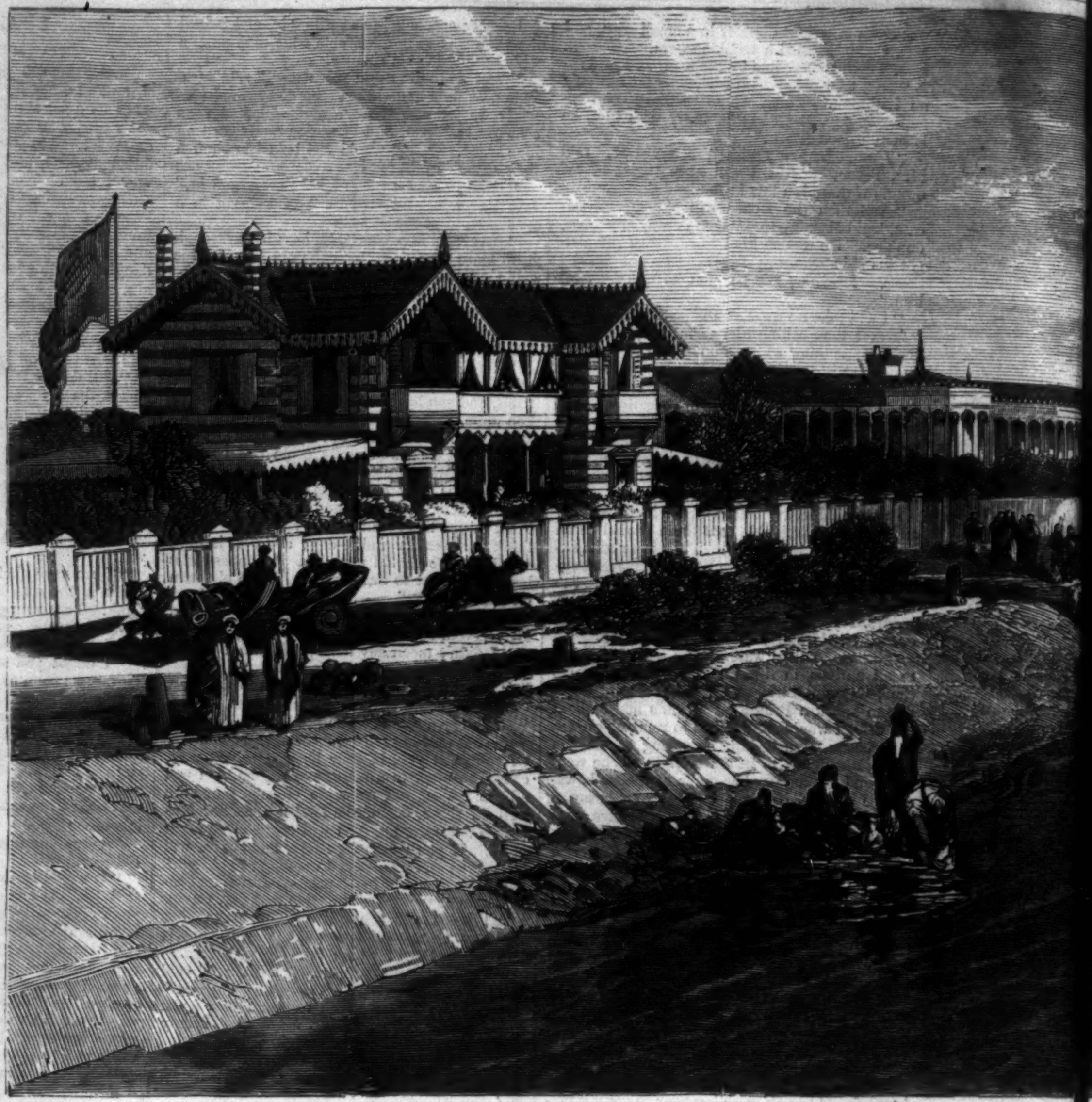
THE DANGER OF BEING MADE BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.

That the dangers to which enamelers of cards and other articles are exposed are not imaginary, says the *Lancet*, was proved in the instance of two cases quite recently brought under the notice of the Medical Society of London by Dr. Oppert. One case was that of a man of middle age, who had been in the trade for twenty-six years, and exhibits at the present time decided and severe symptoms of lead-poisoning. There is the unmistakable blue line along the gums, and, in addition, loss of sensibility and mobility of the left arm and leg, so that the gait is unsteady. The second case was that of a man who used a compound of white-lead and sulphur, for the purpose of glazing the straw-hats that are imported from Florence. He also possesses the blue line along the gums; but the absence of any severe symptoms of poisoning is due to the use of the antidote with the poison. The materials used by the former of the two patients have been placed in our hands by Dr. Oppert, and they consist of arsenite of copper (the employment of which is stated to be followed by bleeding from the nose) and oxide of lead. Here, at any rate, are two undoubted instances of metallic poisoning in the case of men employed in the glazing of cards and straw-hats. It is, of course, impossible to say how much mischief of a similar kind escapes detection. We have known enough for some time to feel that some protection should be afforded to workmen engaged upon the use of dangerous colorants in manufactures.

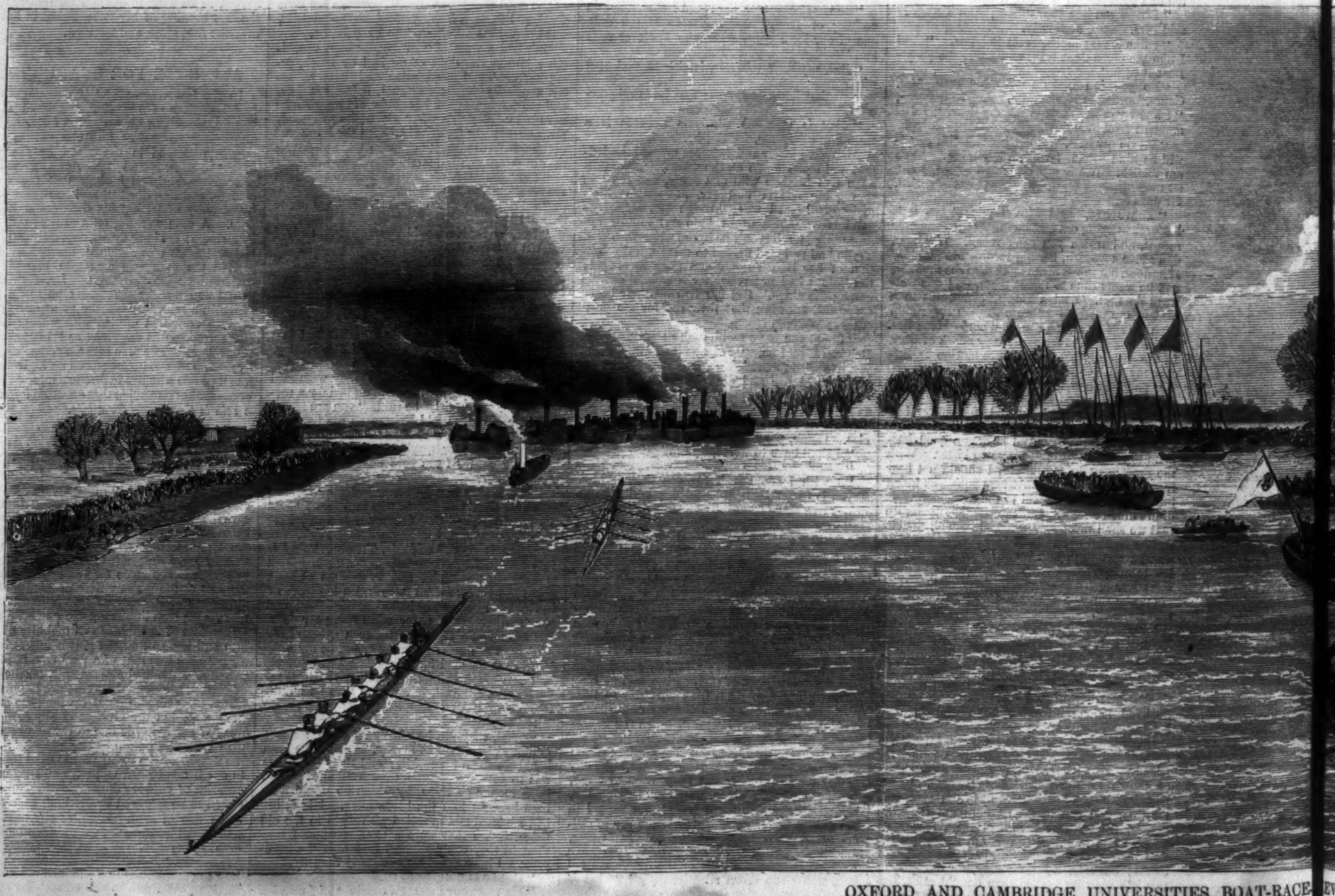
THE SUEZ CANAL.

SINCE our last notice of this great undertaking we have been informed by telegraph that a most important step in its progress toward completion was taken on March 18. The sluices of the dam erected between Toussoum and the Serapeum cutting, above fifty miles from Port Said, or more than half-way along the line of the canal, to keep out the waters of the Mediterranean, were on that day opened, with some public ceremony, in the presence of the Viceroy of Egypt, and the inland basins of the Bitter Lakes, extending twenty-four miles farther toward Suez, are now being slowly filled by the admission of the sea from the north. When the Chalouf cutting is finished, between the southeastern extremity of the lesser lake and Suez, another dam will be removed, and the waters of the Red Sea will flow in, to mix with the Mediterranean.

The Fresh-Water Canal is really a tributary to the main canal between the two oceans. It runs from Zagazig to Lake Timsah. We give a view of the Fresh-Water Canal at Ismailia, with the houses of the Egyptian Governor, of M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, manager and president of the Suez Canal Company, and of M. VOISIN, or VOISIN BEY, the engineer-in-chief, agreeably situated on its bank. The châlet of M. DE LESSEPS is to the left hand; the next house, with Oriental arches, is that of his chief-engineer; and the Governor of Ismailia resides in the mansion beyond. These dwellings have a pleasant look-out over Lake Timsah. The new town of Ismailia, wholly created since 1862, has now more than 6000 inhabitants, of whom a third are Europeans. Two hotels, a theatre where vaudevilles are performed with spirit, a pretty Roman Catholic chapel, a mosque for Arab workmen, a hospital and a telegraph-office, a long and well-built street with numerous well-stocked shops, a large square, and a public garden planned by French taste and cultivated with French assiduity, a fountain supplied with Nile water—these are the features which attract the attention of the stranger as he wanders through the town. The rapid increase of vegetation since the fresh water was brought to Ismailia has been attended with a great improvement in the climate. At the present time Ismailia, during eight months of the year, is probably the healthiest spot in Northern Egypt. The heat of its summer is intense and almost intolerable; thermometrical observations taken during 1867 and 1868 show that the mean temperature of the four months, beginning with June and ending with September, was 94° Fahrenheit, and that 120° in the shade was not an uncommon record, while the minimum of night was 75°. The mean temperature of the succeeding four months was 74°; and the winter, if so it can be called, proved that the lowest range of the thermometer was 45°. Until two years ago rain was unknown; but in the twelvemonth ending April, 1868, there were actually fourteen days on which rain fell, and no later than three weeks ago fell a tremendous shower of rain, a phenomenon which the oldest Arab had never previously witnessed. "The scenery about Ismailia," says a recent observer, "is monotonous, but it can scarcely be regarded as uninteresting. Cloudless skies of the richest blue are contrasted with the vast expanse of yellow sand which stretches away into a hazy distance. The dark waters of the lake sparkle and flash unceasingly, for there is always a fresh breeze to temper the extreme sultriness. The desert is susceptible of many shades and transitions of color, sometimes so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible, often so sudden and mysterious that it is hard to understand by what subtle atmospheric changes such strange effects have been produced. At Ismailia the stranger can fully realize the balm and beauty of the Egyptian night; and, sitting on the balcony of the Hôtel des Voyageurs, which commands the view of Lake Timsah, he may watch the moon rising slowly in a silver dawn while the rosy tints of the sunset are still lingering in the west. About three miles to the south, on the line taken by the canal, twinkling lights mark the positions of the dredges, and in less than a year to come the graceful outlines of the largest and swiftest steamers will give additional animation to a picture which even now possesses a peculiar charm."



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL—



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES BOAT-RACE—NEW

…AILIA AND THE FRESH-WATER CANAL.

The construction of the Fresh-Water Canal forms an interesting chapter in the history of the undertaking. The Nile water, to which Ismailia owes its pleasant gardens, is taken from a branch of the river that flows by Zagazig, the ancient Bubastis, and is brought, partly along the line of the ancient canal of the Pharaohs, to the shores of Lake Timsah. The level of the lake is considerably lower, and, consequently, it was necessary to construct two locks in order to facilitate the passage of boats and barges. But the Fresh-Water Canal answers other purposes no less important than the means of transport it affords for machinery and provisions. One of the great difficulties which had to be encountered and overcome was the supply of fresh water to the laborers on the line of works, and to the operatives engaged in the several immense *chantiers* or workshops between Ismailia and Port Said.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

We illustrate this week the twenty-sixth rowing-match on the Thames between the two University crews of Oxford and Cambridge, which took place on March 17, and resulted once more in the victory of the Oxford boat—for the ninth time in as many successive years. There were seven men in each crew, including stroke and coxswain.

The toss for choice of sides was won by the Oxford boat, which therefore took the Middlesex side of the river. A few minutes before four o'clock both the crews embarked at Putney; the Oxford boat having been kept in the boat-house of the London Rowing Club, and the Cambridge boat in that of the Leander Club. The tide was a neap-tide, and three-quarters up; the towing-path on the Surrey side was crowded with people; thirteen large steamboats and eight steam-tugs, with several private yachts, and hundreds of row-boats and wherries, lay close to the Aqueduct; among these were the steamer *Lotus*, the umpire's boat, with the Viceroy of Egypt's son on board her; the steamer *London Pride*, engaged by the London Rowing Club, on board of which was Prince Arthur; and Mr. Blyth's private screw-steamer *Ariel*, from which Mr. Morrison had "coached" the Cambridge crew during their practice at Putney. The race was run in 20 minutes, 22 seconds.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

In the Central Department of Cuba the Spaniards have been gaining ground against the insurgents. They have not only recovered a great deal of territory, but have re-established telegraphic communication with Villa Clara, Cienfuegos, and other points. The success of the Spaniards here has been so complete that we may credit their announcement that in this department the insurrection has been virtually put down.

From present signs New York would appear to be the real head-quarters of the Cuban patriots. Those who have emigrated from Cuba during the late troubles have, most of them, come to this city; and here they carry out operations for the assistance of their friends at home. We give, in this connection, on page 269, an illustration of one of the Cuban drill-rooms in this city.

This emigration to New York has so far disturbed the Government authorities of Cuba that they have caused a rumor to be circulated that this city is infested with the small-pox.

A remarkable feature of this Cuban civil war has been the cruelty of the Spaniards toward the Cubans. We give, on page 269, a portrait of General Augusto Arango, who was in last January murdered and cut in pieces by the Spaniards. He was not a prisoner. He came into the Spanish lines under the sacred protection of a flag of truce. This inhuman outrage was perpetrated by order of the Spanish General Mena. He caused the mutilated body of General Arango to be paraded through the streets of Puerto Principe.

…EW OF THE RACE FROM BARNES RAILWAY-BRIDGE.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

Of roses sweet that scent the air,
The sweetest is, with leaves half shed,
The tea-rose, sweet its fragrance rare,
And petals faintly tinged with red.

At early dawn it bloomed as white
And spotless as the virgin snow,
And glittered like the rays of light
That on the moonlit foam-flowers glow.

A butterfly came quick to woo,
And burned its honeyed breath to sip;
The ravished blossom blushed, and grew
The color of its lover's lip.

So richly hued, so subtly made,
The scarlet flower that near it springs
Seems strangely wan, and nigh to fade,
Like leaves that pallid Autumn brings.

But, lady, when the gathered rose
Beside thy damask cheek is placed,
Its tones their former lustre lose,
And all its beauty seems effaced.

And every rose that Spring has given
In floral robes the earth to dress,
In vain, with envious hope, has striven
To match thy passing loveliness.

ON THE VERGE OF THE TOWER.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

In one of the Swiss cantons there stands a solitary, celebrated, crumbling old Tower. It stands on the very top of a crag which rises sharply from the bosom of a sunny and smiling valley. The valley itself is walled around with Alpine ramparts so huge that the crag on which the Tower stands hardly seems more than a mere speck on the broad plain of sun-lighted turf from which it springs. But if, on a warm day, you climb from the vale to the summit of the rock on which the Tower is perched—and you can only climb from one side—you will find it hot and weary work, and you will begin to think, long before you have mounted half-way up, that the Tower must be retreating even as you advance. The view, when you have at last reached the level of the Tower—still more when you stand on the grass-grown roof of the old structure—is one worth the seeing and striving for. Beneath your feet rolls the river—now only a stream just rushing down from its icy cradle among the glaciers, but which presently cuts its clear way through Alpine pass and Alpine lake, and onward till it flows under the bridges of huge commercial cities, and is lost in the sea at last. Below you, too, are the fields and the cottages, and the cows with the bells tinkling at their necks. Around you, every where, are the vast mountains; the nearer ranges not so high as those more distant, whose snowy shoulders, glittering now in the bright blue of the sky, may be invisible to-morrow when the clouds gather. That way, over yonder double or triple wall of mountain, lies Italy. A little that other way, and you might see the fringe of the skirts of France. The everlasting snow of the great peaks lends a perpetual solemnity and sanctity to the scene; even when the clouds and mists hide these melancholy and majestic giants from your sight you still feel and acknowledge their influence—as the peasant at the foot of the mountain may be made reverential by the mysterious, magic presence of the great Barbarossa buried far within in its womb.

The Tower was the monument and ornament and pride of the village, and indeed of the whole canton. It had a history; one or two of its old rooms were nearly filled with historical memorials and trophies—with weapons that had stricken a stout blow against Charles the Bold, and head-pieces that had been battered by the swords of the Dukes of Savoy. So the local authorities always confided the care of the Tower to a trusty person, who had a certain modest reward for keeping it in order—(keeping a ruin in order may seem a little paradoxical, but really ruins require a great deal of attention)—looking after the historical treasures it contained, and showing the whole to visitors.

The guardian had lately been a gray, gruff, honest old man. Now—I mean at the time of this story, twenty years ago—it was a young and pretty woman. The reason of the change was simple and sad. Old Martin Aldinger had had the office since he was a young man. He and his wife Louise had kept the Tower and looked faithfully after its credit as a monument and a ruin. They had first a daughter, then a son. Some years after the wife died, and was buried in the little grave-yard below in the valley—her grave could be seen by her daughter from the spot where the Tower stands. Then the daughter, a growing girl, helped her father in the guardianship; and the brother, when he was in the humor, helped her so far as he could. A few years went on and Martin, too, died, and was buried with his wife. Then came the question what to do with Louise, the daughter, and to whom to intrust the guardianship of the old Tower. Naturally the one question solved the other. The authorities, without troubling themselves about the relative capacities of men and women, wisely decided on continuing Louise herself in the office her father had held; and therefore this bright-eyed, shapely, strong-limbed young woman became, at twenty years of age, the responsible guardian of the Tower.

The old building had only two small rooms which were fit to sleep in. Louise now occupied one; her brother, sixteen years old, the other. They took their meals in summer very often in the open air—perhaps on the roof, perhaps on the plateau on the accessible side of the Tower—in winter wherever they could, having due regard to cold on the one hand and smoke on the other. Winter and summer they lived in the Tower—of course the permission to live there was one of the privileges and perquisites of the office.

It was very sad living there for a while after the death of poor Martin. Louise felt the loneliness very much; and so did Pierre, the boy, only he showed his sense of the discomfort by going down to the village as often as he had the slightest pretext for doing so, and staying there when he had no pretext at all for staying—and this did not tend to make things brighter for his sister. He was very fond of her, too; but he had not much notion of denying himself any thing on her account, or doing any thing disagreeable to himself because it might possibly be convenient for her. He would probably have done such things—and grumbled all the while—if they were pointed out to him; but they did not occur to him, and the result was that Louise was often left lonely in the Tower. In Switzerland every where they work their women a good deal, and expect them not to have any particular likings or dislikings where work is concerned.

It was therefore a great relief and joy to poor Louise when, after a while, she had a lover. It was all the greater joy to find a worthy lover, because she had been very near to accepting one who was unworthy. There was a time, and during the life of her father, when pretty Louise was very near falling in love with a handsome, dark-haired, swarthy young man, who came from Lugano, named Luigi or Louis Dolfo, and who had settled, or rather unsettled, in this neighborhood. His flashing eyes and his bold grace rather imposed upon her at first; but there was something sinister, and occasionally even truculent, about him; and there were many tales afloat of his dissipation and general bad conduct having caused him to be sent from canton to canton, each eagerly and peremptorily passing him on to its neighbor. So Louise grew cooler as he grew warmer; and at last she put him off altogether, and would have nothing more to say to him. In her utterly unprotected position—for the presence of her brother was rather worse than no protection at all—and with the grave responsibility of the Tower on her mind, she had to be very particular about her acquaintanceships and associations; and she could not have this idle, tainted ne'er-do-well hanging about her steps.

It was a pity this man ever saw her, for, in truth, his love for her became very fierce and passionate; and although he was hardly a person whom love, however cordially returned, could have redeemed, yet he certainly went down the hill much more rapidly after he had known her than he was doing before. More than that, he was carrying her brother along with him, for young Pierre was closely attached to the now sullen scapegrace, and they would hang about together for hours, night and day, when Pierre could get the chance of meeting him.

But Louise now had a lover, a true lover; such as her father and mother, were they living, would have approved of. This was Nicolas Morlot, a fine, manly young fellow, who in one respect, and in a small way, resembled Justice Shallow; for he had lands and beeves. He was a splendid rifle-shot, and always distinguished himself at the annual shooting festival of the canton—although it must be added that the stern test of recent competitions has a little taken the gilding off the splendor of the fame traditionally enjoyed as marksmen by the countrymen of William Tell. However that may be, Nicolas Morlot was a good shot and a substantial man; a man who had something of education too, and evidently very good taste, or he would not have fallen in love with pretty Louise Aldinger. For he was much better off than she in a worldly point of view, and he might, if he liked, have confidently looked higher for a wife—higher in social life, that is to say—he could hardly have looked for a bride on a much loftier eyrie, unless he were to seek one among the haunts of the Witch of the Alps.

But he fell in love with her; in a manly, earnest way he fell in love with her pure heart, her frank, sweet, womanly ways, her thrilling voice—when the voice of a true mountaineer is sweet at all, and not hoarse, it is sure to be nobly thrilling—her fine figure, and her pretty face. Life brightened unspeakably for both of them when they thus became lovers; and as there was nothing to stand between them and their wishes they agreed to be married very soon, and even fixed the day for the betrothal.

From that moment a sudden change came over Louis Dolfo. He had hitherto been a sort of dissipated boon companion—now he became a voluntary outlaw. He almost literally exiled himself from the companionship of the village; he came into the wine-house, indeed, and drank a great deal; but he drank silently and fiercely; and then he lounged away into the mountains, and prowled about and hid there like a wolf. Apparently he could have endured even his rejection by Louise, but he could not endure that she should marry any body else. He refused now even the company of Pierre, the lad who used to be his chosen associate. People warned Nicolas Morlot against him, because he used to hang suspiciously about the roads and mountain passes through which Morlot was in the habit of going; and a vague kind of whisper went about that this Dolfo was bent on some mischief.

One day Morlot came sharply and suddenly against his supposed enemy on the outskirts of the village. Nicolas held out his hand frankly and said:

"Come, Dolfo, let us not be enemies. I have done you no harm, and I bear you no grudge. They tell me here that you are my enemy, but I don't see why that should be. A girl must choose when she has two lovers. My fortune! But it might have been yours, and I should only have submitted and not blamed *you*. Let us embrace!"

"No!" growled Dolfo, savagely. "I hate you, and her too."

The successful lover shook his head, half in remonstrance, half in pity, and went on.

That night as he was returning home a shot was fired at him, which missed its mark. He made no talk about it, but afterward took good care not to be out without the company of his good dog and his good rifle. The story of the shot, however, got wind; and though nobody had seen Louis Dolfo fire it, every one suspected him; and the local authorities intimated to him that he had better promptly choose some other canton for his place of residence. He took the hint and disappeared, and the village breathed more freely when it was rid of his tainted and ominous presence. Especially Louise, who had been in intense fear for her lover's safety, became joyous and bright again when the danger was removed.

So the days wore on until the time for the marriage of our happy lovers was very, very near. One evening Pierre Aldinger was crossing a ravine which lay between the Tower and the town, when a figure suddenly started up from bushes and stones, and stood before him in an attitude of something like supplication. It was Dolfo.

"You ought not to have come back," said Pierre, shaking his head with immense gravity. "If you are seen here you will be marched off to the prison-house."

"You won't denounce me, Pierre, will you? We were always friends, and I like you."

"No, I won't denounce you. That goes without saying. But we all thought you were in France, or somewhere. They don't like you here; and, look you, *I* have reformed!"

Pierre evidently wanted to make it apparent from the first that he had done with low company.

"I am going into France; but I want to talk to you, Pierre, very much. I have something very particular to say."

"Can't be said now," declared Pierre, "unless it can be spoken in a breath. I must get home; my sister is waiting for me up yonder."

"No; I don't want to keep you now. But to-morrow—to-morrow morning, at the dawn, will you meet me just here?"

Pierre shook his head very doubtfully.

"But I am going to give you the silver-mounted pistol, Pierre, boy—as a parting gift, you know—if you come here to-morrow."

Now Pierre had long acknowledged a passionate affection for the silver-mounted pistol, which was in his eyes the most magnificent of weapons and treasures. Not being a too modest youth he had often asked Dolfo for it in the days of their close friendship, and Dolfo had as frankly declined to make the gift. It did not strike our young friend as suspicious that Dolfo should now, in his ruined fortunes, be so generous. He accepted the offer as a natural and proper tribute of affection from a being now inferior, and he pledged himself to be on the spot where they were then standing at the first light of dawn, and to wait there for the coming of his disreputable friend. Very disreputable indeed the friend looked with his gaunt and haggard face, his tremulous, bony, and grimy fingers, his hollow eyes lighted with a sinister and ominous fire.

When Pierre reached the Tower he took good care not to breathe a word to his sister of the encounter he had just had. He had a dim kind of idea that she would disapprove of the interview arranged for next morning, and he had a vague sensation which a youth with moral faculties a little better developed might have recognized as a pang of conscience, or honor, or something of the kind—a sensation of doubt as to whether his grasping at a gift of the very weapon which had probably fired on his sister's lover, and from the very hand which had fired it, could be considered highly honorable or manly. He sent conscience to sleep, and went to sleep himself soon after. He awoke before the dawn, stole out of the Tower, leaving the outer gate unlocked behind him, and hurried down to the rendezvous.

When he reached the place there was no one there. But his friend was never a very punctual personage, so he waited. He would have waited a good long time for the love of the silver-mounted pistol.

Meanwhile the summer morning dawned graciously and gloriously over the valley. It had shone in lustrous rose, pink, and violet on the mountain peaks, and now was creeping slowly down through the mists along their sides. Light was falling now on the old Tower, and its one inmate was already stirring. She was in the habit of rising very early, of course, as all people in such regions are; but a summer dawn is very, very early in the Alps; and now that she looked from the roof of the Tower across the valley, she looked upon a scene almost as lonely as it was lovely. In truth, she had heard her brother go out—the sound of his movements roused her; and she had always a certain doubt and fear of the goings on of that erratic youth. There was a stealthiness about his tread and his motions now which seemed doubly suspicious; but she did not wish him to suppose that she was watching him. Therefore she did not close the gate of the Tower which he had left open. Let him come in when he would.

She bestirred herself about the Tower. She went on the roof and looked over that exquisite scene, the beauty of which no familiarity could efface or diminish. She thought of the somewhat sad life which lay behind her—of the happy life which her heart told her lay before; of her lover, and how good he was, and how she loved him, and how her father and mother would have loved him if they had been living, and how she hoped that his influence and his example would make her brother a steady lad. Of the unfortunate wretch who once paid court to her I am afraid she never thought at all. Even tender-hearted women are sometimes pitiless as regards their discarded lovers. He was gone, and there was an end of him.

She was coming down the Tower stairs when she heard a hurried step on the threshold. The Tower, as I have said, was accessible only on one side, that side where the height on which it stood sloped gradually and gently down to the valley and was ascended by a broad path. On the opposite side the crag rose sheer from the plain, and the Tower stood on its edge. From over the mouldering battlement there you might throw a pebble down to the plain.

Louise turned pale and trembled when she heard the hurried step. Her mind was always perturbed by the dread that her brother was getting, or had got, into some scrape. Now she jumped at once to the conclusion that he had done something wrong, and was flying for shelter from pursuit. This became almost a certainty when she knew by the sounds that he was locking the door behind him.

"Oh, Pierre!" she cried, "what have you been doing? what has happened?" and she ran down the steps, and into the room below, and almost into the arms—not of her brother, but of Louis Dolfo.

She gave a great cry on seeing him. Indeed his look was enough to startle strong nerves, such as hers were. He was gaunt as a spectre, fierce of aspect as a wolf; his eyes were bloodshot; his lips were passionately compressed, and yet quivering; he was covered with dust and dirt, and the brambles and straws of the fields and paths were sticking uncouthly every where about his clothes, his beard, and his hair. If the old superstition about the wehr-wolf were true, this might have been taken for the possessed man just as at dawn of morning he surrendered the nightly wolf-shape for his human form, and much of the aspect of the former still clung about the latter.

He gave a sort of harsh laugh, not unlike the wolf's bark, when he saw her terror.

"You thought I was gone forever," he said—"gone down into hell, perhaps. You and your friends hunted me as far as you co[illegible] But I've come back, you see! Why don[illegible] an old friend?"

"I would welcome you, Louis," [illegible] firmly enough, "if I were glad to see you. But I am sorry to see you here, and you have no right to be here. I never wished you any harm, and it is a shame for you to say that I and my friends hunted you from the place. For shame!—when you know that though you fired at *him*" (she did not care to mention h[illegible] and the quick flash in Dolfo's eye show[illegible] now little he needed greater explicitness) "[illegible]e a coward from behind the trees, he was too generous to do any thing to find you out or punish you. You have no reason to hate him or me."

He laughed his fierce, wild, wolfish laugh again.

"Now you must go, Louis; you have no right to come here, and you must go."

"Do you think," he said, "that I have come here, then, to gather prunes, or to see the sun rise? You are alone—that I know. I have got Pierre out of the way. I have now locked the door, and I have the key. You are in my power once for all, and I am as nearly mad as the worst of your friends could wish to make me. Now perhaps you begin to guess why I have come here."

"You would not murder me, Louis? I was always kind to you." The poor girl turned very pale and weak. Ordinarily she had good nerves and enough of courage. She would have walked or run without the faintest sensation of fear along perilous ledges it would make an ordinary person almost sick to look at. She would have sprung lightly over a mountain cleft hundreds of feet deep with a torrent thundering far below. But now she was suddenly plunged into a danger of a kind she had never known or thought of before. Every one she knew had hitherto been a companion, a friend, or a protector, and now she was alone and absolutely in the power of a savage, perhaps a maniac, who had doubtless come to kill her—and life was now so very, very sweet to her!

"I don't want to kill you," he replied; "but one thing I have resolved on—you shall never marry *him*. I have come here for that. Listen to me, Louise! If you want to save your life, go down upon your knees there and swear by the Holy Virgin that you will never marry him—never, never! If you swear that—see, there is the image of the Madonna that belonged to your mother!—I will believe you and go away, and you shall never see me any more, and I will never make any attempt to harm *him*. But if you don't, I'll kill you, Louise, and myself too. [illegible] don't care how soon I die. What good is life to me? I am a ruined wretch whom every body hates, and I hate myself. But you shall die with me—unless you promise that you will never marry him."

Long before he had come to this point he had seized both her wrists, and held them in his terribly strong grasp. Your Alpine girl is no delicate Broadway *belle*, with dainty, feeble wrists; but Louise might almost as well have been a Broadway *belle* for all the effectual resistance she could make while in the grasp of this man. She had been glancing anxiously in the direction of the room where the old weapons were kept—for she was quite ready to use dagger or sword, if needs were, to protect herself—and Dolfo saw the glance and read it, and so seized her arms and held her.

"Useless, useless, girl!" he exclaimed; "you can not save yourself. Nothing on earth could save you from me now unless you promise!"

"I will never promise!" she cried; "never! Kill me, if you will, or if you can; but I'll never make that promise!"

He gave a fierce yell. She endeavored to break away from him, but he caught her round the

waist and lifted her off her feet. Now he held her in his arms, clutched up to his breast, and he made for the winding stairs of stone which led to the battlements.

While they had been arguing and struggling she observed that he appeared to have no weapon, and she drew some hope and courage from the fact. Now her heart sank and sickened; she knew he was carrying her to the roof to fling her down.

She struggled vehemently and passionately. As Dolfo staggered with her up the narrow stairs she succeeded once in setting her feet firmly against the wall, and she thus endeavored to stay his progress. But he had all the coolness of desperate resolve, and he calmly stopped, removed her feet, gently, indeed, but resistlessly, and then changed his mode of carrying her so that she could no longer obstruct him in that way. This struggle took place near one of the windows which lighted the staircase, and the sweet, fresh breath of the morning, redolent of flowers and of honey, came rushing on Louise's face, and maddening her with new love of life and increased longing to live. As they struggled upward she sent wild shriek after shriek through the window.

Another window; another flash of early sunlight and breath of dew-moistened grass and morning flowers; another passionate, despairing cry from the poor girl, whose strength was all giving way.

Now they are on the roof, all the glorious light of morning radiant around them—around her agonized, and fainting, and disheveled; around him fierce, desperate, demoniacal. The whole scene swam before the girl's eyes: the mountain peaks that were so dear to her, the sunny vale that she might see no more—the vale across which soon, perhaps, her lover would be treading, full of gladness and love, to find her dead.

"Oh, Louis Dolfo!" she exclaimed, "have mercy on me! Don't kill me!"

He stood for a moment, as if to take breath and recover his strength. Then, with the girl still in his arms, he mounted lightly on to the top of one of the broken battlements. There he stood, firm as a statue, calm as a sentinel on duty, and he held Louise deliberately forward in his arms. One single spring, nay, one step, and he and she were plunged sheer down from the roof of the Tower to the bottom of the crag on which it stood!

He seemed to exult in the position and the attitude. She did not struggle now. She did not dare to move limb or muscle. She kept her sens[illegible]ll as she could, for she had now a kind of hope that Dolfo was but trying her, and she thought perhaps there was yet a chance of touching his heart.

In a moment he leaped back to the roof of the Tower from the battlement, and he allowed her to stand there on her feet, he still holding her wrists.

"Now, Louise," he said, grimly, "you see what chance of escape you have from me. You must go on your knees there and swear never to marry him, or I take you in my arms again, step on that stone there, and spring off with you! They'll find us both below in the valley. I like the prospect, *moi!* It will be delightful to die in that way, with you! I had rather die so than live. I am only too foolish and merciful to give you a chance of living. For me, I don't live in any case. Now, then, choose!"

"Have mercy on me! oh, have mercy!" was all she could say.

"Swear not to marry him, or you must come with me—down there from the roof!"

"O God, have mercy on me! I will not, I can not swear it!"

He gave a shout, half fury, half exultation. She collected all her strength, and sent out some wild, despairing shrieks. He caught her round the waist, and was mounting the parapet, when she slipped from his arms and fell on the roof—not by skill or design of hers, but merely because she had fainted, and the sudden change from a resisting, struggling girl into a collapsing, nerveless, lifeless form surprised and unsettled his grasp, and she fell in a heap on the grassy floor.

"Better so," he said; "much better so!" He stooped, the wretched, maddened creature, and kissed her lips again and again. In the very depths of her swoon she was conscious of his caress. Then he drew her to the battlement again. He had her lifeless form once more in his arms; his figure rose higher by the waist than the battlement which he had chosen as the platform whence his death-spring and hers was to be made; he had one foot already on it, and in another instant would have mounted and made his awful leap, when—the keen, sharp crack of a rifle was heard, a bullet passed through his brain, and he fell back on the roof of the Tower, and lay beside the senseless girl, dead.

Not many minutes passed before hurrying feet came up the path to the Tower, and strong, energetic arms battered at the gate, and finally beat it in. The crash brought Louise back to something like consciousness; but she had hardly time to remember any thing that had happened, or even to know where she was, when her lover clasped her in his arms.

Nicolas Morlot always declares that some good angel had made him sleepless all the night that went before that morning; so that he arose before the dawn and wandered out with his rifle, and naturally turned his steps toward the Tower where his affianced bride was living. On the way he fell upon Pierre lurking in a ravine, and questioning the perplexed and disappointed youth as to his motive for hiding about just then and there, got to the fact that Louis Dolfo had returned to the place. This alone seemed alarming to Nicolas; at least it made him hurry on, he knew not why, toward the Tower. To approach the one accessible side he would have to go round the base of the rock; and as he came near his ears were startled by shrieks which, far and faint as they were, he knew to be those of a woman. He stood amazed, bewildered, Pierre standing by his side. Then Pierre gave a cry, and pointed up, and there, on the battlement of the Tower, distinct against the bright sky, stood Louis Dolfo with Louise in his arms! An instant and they disappeared. Nicolas stood like one frozen. His first impulse had been to rush toward the Tower, but to climb the rock before him would be impossible; to go round by the base would be a circuit of half a mile. Even as he stood perplexed, agonized, and desperate the form of Dolfo again showed itself, and in the speed of a flash of light Nicolas had made his final decision, tried the last chance, and sent the bullet of his good rifle home to the brain of his enemy.

A judicial investigation of course found the act justifiable and praiseworthy. But the lovers, when they were married and happy, did not fail to have masses regularly said for the soul of the miserable, murderous creature who had so nearly robbed them of all earthly happiness. And Louise could endure the Tower no longer; so she lives with her husband near the village; and when I visited the ruin, not long since, it was in the charge of an ancient dame who never could have been pretty, but who became interesting to me by telling me this story, and adding that she had often heard it from the lips of Louise Morlot herself.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fifty years ago people were content with the flickering light of a tallow-candle to brighten up the quiet home-room, and to enable them to read the newspaper—if by chance they had one. Nowadays, the multitude of night-workers—especially those who read and write—are scarcely satisfied with the comparatively luxurious methods of illumination which the present age affords. "Something better" is always the motto of our inventive countrymen—or, if Americans do not invent *every thing* themselves, they are not slow to make useful applications of foreign novelties. Thus we advance from one degree of perfection to another.

"The Oxy-Hydrogen Heat and Light Company of New York City," having obtained a special charter from the Legislature, have determined to take the necessary measures to build new gas-works, for the purpose of manufacturing a superior gas to that which is now ordinarily used, and to furnish it to consumers at reasonable rates. The Company proposes to locate extensive works on the Harlem River, believing that a single manufactory, properly situated and managed, could supply the entire city of New York; and that it would also be much more satisfactory to the public to have all gas-works removed outside the city limits.

In a recent report of the Oxy-Hydrogen Company it is stated that the quantity of gas furnished by the various Companies in New York city for the year 1868, in round numbers, amounted to 2,500,000,000 cubic feet. This, at the price paid by consumers, including the Government tax, is about $8,800,000 per year. Other means for producing artificial light increase the cost of artificial illumination to about $10,000,000. By the new process it is thought that at least one-half of this enormous expense could be saved to consumers annually, giving them a satisfactory light, and also the great convenience of gaseous fuel for ordinary heating purposes.

The new method consists simply in utilizing the hydrogen present in the gas material, by which gas coal will yield more than double the quantity of gas made in the ordinary way. By the old process the quantity of gas made from a ton of coal is on an average less than 10,000 cubic feet, while, by the new process, a ton of gas coal will yield over 20,000 feet of gas. The expense in obtaining this quantity of gas is no more than the expense in obtaining half the quantity in the old way, while the illuminating power of the gas may be made vastly superior.

The new arrangements for running hourly trains between New York and Yonkers on the Hudson River Railroad were perfected last week. Fifteen daily trains will amply accommodate all travelers on the line. Eight new cars have been built for the Hudson River Railroad, each of which is capable of holding fifty persons. They are fitted up in the interior like the horse cars, with side seats.

In China all civil officers must be literary graduates. Three degrees of letters have been established, which may be obtained at different colleges. The first degree is poetically called "Beautiful Ability," analogous to the A.B. of the United States, and may be obtained in the District College. The Provincial College gives the second degree of "Advanced Men;" and the third, "Doctor of Laws," is conferred by the Imperial University at Pekin.

A terrible fire occurred a short time ago in the Yellow Jacket Mine at Gold Hill, Nevada, which soon communicated with the Kentuck and Crown Point Mines. About forty lives were lost. This catastrophe is the most dreadful one which has ever occurred in the mining district of that vicinity.

An unexpected horror greeted Philadelphia one morning last week. George S. Twitchell, who had been condemned to death for the murder of his mother-in-law, and for whom the gallows was in readiness, was found on the morning appointed for his execution dead in his cell. He had committed suicide by taking cyanide of potassium—a deadly poison. How he obtained it is unknown; but for a few days before his death he had been prostrated and totally unnerved in view of his approaching doom. Although he had made a "confession" to the effect that his wife really committed the murder, and that he had only sought to shield her by not revealing this at first, yet it is generally believed that he was really guilty of the crime himself.

It is in contemplation to drive a tunnel under the Straits of Dover, twenty-four miles, to connect the British and Continental railways. For securing efficient ventilation, it is proposed to sink pits on each shore, and to drive thence two small parallel drift-ways or galleries from each country, connected at intervals by transverse drift-ways. By this means, aided by furnace-rarefaction and revolving air-fans, the air is to be made to circulate as in ordinary coal-mines. The formation of these double drift-ways is the preliminary part of the undertaking, and should it be impossible to execute these, the expense of entering upon the main work would be avoided. The cost of the galleries is estimated at from eight to ten millions of dollars, and of the regular tunnel about five times that amount. Three English and three French engineers are preparing to report upon the scheme to a committee, which will soon meet in Paris.

A second German Polar Expedition is in preparation. It is to consist of two vessels, the *Germania* and the *Greenland*, which will sail from Bremerhafen early in June. The *Greenland* will return before next winter to bring records of the expedition up to that point: the *Germania* is to press on northward. The purpose of the expedition is the exploration of the Arctic central region from seventy-five degrees north latitude, taking the Greenland coast as a guide.

Paper coffins have been patented in London, and the inventor claims for them that they are lighter, stronger, harder, and cheaper than any other material. By the application of his material as a coating for ships he undertakes to make them shot-proof. The material is perfectly air-tight and water-proof.

A scientific gentleman has been examining the dust of the streets in the large towns in England. He finds animal life abundant in every specimen, and the amount of "molecular activity" is most abundant at the height of five feet above the ground, or just the average height of the foot-passenger's mouth. This may account in a great measure for the mysterious way in which some diseases propagate themselves—for instance, cholera. The smallest atom of the poison received into the stomach will cause an attack of the disease.

It seems almost incredible that such an extensive robbery as that which was recently perpetrated in the city of Philadelphia could have been accomplished in broad daylight. Yet such was the case. Between the hours of six in the morning and four in the afternoon the building occupied by the Beneficial Saving Fund Society was entered, and money, bonds, etc., to the amount of about a million dollars, were carried away. The building was situated on the great thoroughfare of the city, where it would be supposed no plundering could go on unobserved. The valuables were thought to be perfectly secure from burglars. This robbery occurred on Sunday, and though a watchman was usually employed on the premises, for some reason he was absent that day.

According to careful estimates there are about 8,000,000 horses in this country at the present time. Of this number, 400,000 are valued at prices averaging $1000; 100,000 are valued at about $2000 apiece; 20,000 at $3000; and 1000 at $5000; while there are about one hundred horses valued at $10,000 each.

An inventive young woman of Chicago advertises that she will "give lessons in etiquette, and the way of conversing with the ladies, to any young gentleman who does not feel at ease in the society of the opposite sex. Tuition to lovers, extra."

In the English House of Commons it is considered no breach of good-manners for a member to wear his hat as long as he pleases while he is in his seat; but if he stands up with it upon his head he is immediately saluted with a shout. Nevertheless in club-houses Englishmen stroll about the dining-rooms as they would in the streets, only uncovering their heads when they themselves sit down to eat.

In the city of Paris three hundred women are employed as printers, and about thirty as proof-readers.

A lunatic escaped from the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island a few days ago, and strolled quietly through the city. As the bells pealed the hour of noon, a policeman was surprised by seeing a young man, in East Twenty-sixth Street, take a pistol from his pocket, place it against his forehead, and pull the trigger. He dropped apparently lifeless; but, though the bullet entered his forehead, the wound was not fatal. The lunatic stated to the officer that "by the revelation of God, as dictated to him through the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, the first ruler in heaven, he had been deputed to take his own life that day at twelve o'clock; that the spirit had given him the choice of hanging, cutting his throat, or shooting himself, and he had chosen the pistol; that he had already once been dead, and his second death would be of little account."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Cure for Cold.—When your hands are dead, bury them in your pockets.

A court buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch sentenced him to death. The culprit, in great terror, fell upon his knees and cried for mercy.

"I will extend no other mercy to you," said the prince, "except permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die. Decide immediately, for I will be obeyed."

"I adore your clemency," said the crafty jester; "I choose to die of *old age.*"

A Western paper having announced the "shooting of a wild-cat by a little boy five feet eight inches long," an exchange queries what they call *big* boys there.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to blow.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistils.

They are migratory in their habits, for, wherever they may winter, they are sure to leave in the spring, most of them very polite and full of boughs.

Though there are no vegetable beaux, there are a number of spruce trees.

It is considered only right and proper to axe trees before you fell them.

Fruit trees have military characteristics. When young they are trained; they have kernels; and their shoots are straight.

Grain must be treated like infants; when the head bends it must be cradled; and thrashing is resorted to to fit them for use.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous, except when about to shoot.

Several trees, like watch-dogs, are valued mostly for their bark.

The man who struck out a new path is supposed to have been of a belligerent turn.

WEDDED BLISS.

God bless our wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They ease life's shocks,
And mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?

When we are sick
They heal us quick—
That is, if they love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
With just one eye,
And wink the other on a sly,
At some young man above us.

"Mary Magdalen had seven devils cast out of her. I never heard of a man having seven devils cast out of him," growled a cynical bachelor, in the course of a discussion on the woman question. "No, they are not cast out yet, I believe," was the quiet response of his fair antagonist.

"Get away! get away!" said an embarrassed matron to houseless Pat, who was begging a night's lodging. "This is no place for you. Go away, for shame! This is the lying-in hospital." "Och, indeed, thin," replied the outcast, "it's the very place for me, for I've been lying out these three nights."

An "Evening Party"—A night-watchman.

Eating by the Card.—A green 'un, from Orange County, determined to spend a few weeks in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights; and in order to strike his acquaintances at home with a proper idea of the greatness of his visit, he took up lodgings at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

When he was ushered in to dinner the first day, he was surprised at the number of people who sat down, as well as at the vastness of the dining-room. He was equally surprised to see that each man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one, as he thought, ate according to the directions. He was quite hungry—and well he might be after waiting three hours over his usual time—so he attacked the head of his bill with vigor, and ate down as far as he could, but he soon came to a stand. Just then the gentleman on his right requested the waiter to bring him some oyster pie, which our friend heard, and instantly referred to the list to see where it was.

"What!" exclaimed he, with astonishment, turning to his neighbor, "are you all the way down there? Why, I have only got to roast beef, and I feel already as if I would burst."

A clergyman was once told by one of his parishioners of a story to his disadvantage which was in circulation.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "do they say so about me? If they knew me half as well as I know myself, they might tell things much worse than that, and with more truth."

LAST LOVE.

First love is a pretty romance,
But not half so sweet as is reckoned;
And when one awakes from the trance,
There's a vast stock of bliss in a second.

And e'en should a second subside,
A lover should never despair;
The world is uncommonly wide,
And the women uncommonly fair.

The poets their raptures may tell,
Who have never been put to the test;
A first love is all very well,
But, believe me, the last love's the best.

HOME AT LAST.
A. J.—"All right, Lucifer; it's me."

SCENES IN THE WHITE PINE MINING DISTRICT, NEVADA.—[See Page 269.]

MIDSHIPMAN THEODORUS B. M. MASON.

THE WHITE PINE MINING DISTRICT, NEVADA.

The wealth of the new-discovered White Pine Mining District in Nevada is something remarkable. It is rarely surpassed in the history of mining operations. The Comstock lode, in the Washoe region of the same State, which has produced over $90,000,000 in bullion, furnished ores assaying as high as $4000 per ton. Specimens taken from the Eberhardt, Mississippi, and several other mines in the White Pine District, are said to have assayed $20,000 per ton.

The average yield per ton for November was $257 17; for December, $429 52. Some thirty considerable mines and numberless smaller ones are in course of development on Treasure Hill and in the neighborhood. Six mills, employing nearly a hundred stamps, are at work upon the ores, and four additional mills, employing about seventy stamps, are soon to be erected.

The same classes that usually rush to new mining regions are found here in crowds. Every day hundreds of them come to the White Pine District. A city has grown up called Treasure City, which rivals Virginia City; it is 9000 feet above the sea.

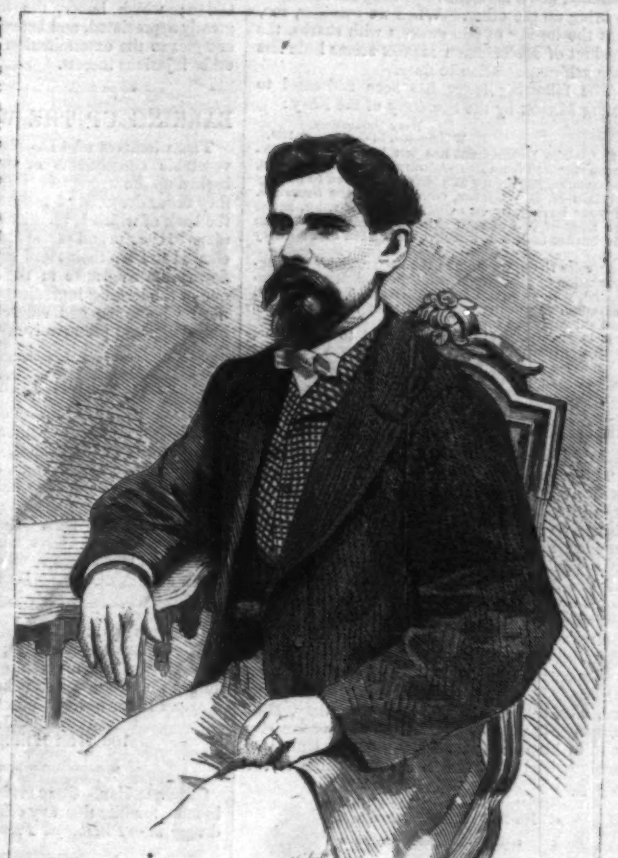
Two years since "a degraded and starving Indian carried to a camp of miners a piece of ore from the locality of the Hidden Treasure mines, which led to the exposure of the wealth of Treasure Hill." Now in Treasure City there are banking-offices, a newspaper, a post-office, faro-banks, and corner groceries. Real estate is at city prices. A corner lot 30 by 100 was sold the other day for $8000 gold.

Let us now see how a Sunday is passed in the White Pine District. There are here some 6000 people, of which about one-half are at work on the "locations" and mines within a neighborhood of two miles. There are no churches. Every other house on the street is a saloon, and is thronged with drinkers and gamblers. The gambling-room is back of the saloon. Here faro is played on an extensive scale, the stakes ranging from $1 to $1000. We notice one man, a San Francisco pioneer, who has gone through a dozen mining excitements in as many different localities, from Mexico to Cariboo, and made and lost fortunes in all, betting piles of checks, each representing $2 50, as high as they will stand without falling over of their own weight, on half a dozen cards at once. Sometimes he wins hundreds of dollars two or three times in succession, and the banker pays with the most imperturbable gravity, the expression of his face never changing for an instant. He knows very well that it will all come back to him and bring him more with it. At some of the tables the dealers are women—French or Spanish—and it is a noticeable fact that the betters are fewer than at the others, the prevailing belief being, apparently, that the fair sex do not give the rougher so good a chance for getting their money back as do the male dealers.

The street is crowded with pedestrians, teams, and saddle or pack animals. Here comes a dark Mexican in broad *sombrero*, wrapped to his eyes in a *serape*, and with leather leggins bound round his legs, mounted on a small, thin, but spirited horse. He uses the huge Mexican bit and monster spurs, which jingle like bells as he rides along, and guides his horse, without apparent effort, by the merest motion of his finger, throwing the single rein to one side or the other. Following him is an old white horse with a bell hung by a leather strap around his neck, and at his heels in single file came a long train of Spanish pack-mules, with huge *aparejos*, each carrying two large sacks of silver ore for the mills down at Hamilton or Silver Springs, in the cañons, at the foot of Treasure Hill, on the north or south. Another Mexican, wrapped in broad *serape* and mounted on a mule, follows the train. The first one is as silent as a bronze statue, and looks neither to the right nor the left—being, in fact, the pilot of the train; but the last one is incessantly shouting *Is-tah! is-tah! Vamos! Mula! vamos!* swinging the long, heavy, braided raw-hide rein in his right hand, and showering curses, blows, and savage anathemas on the heads of the wayward mules which happen to stray a foot out of the direct line of the train. Then comes a square box wagon, such as distillery slops are carried in at the East. This is filled with snow-water, melted in large tanks over brush-wood fires, and sold round the streets at 12½ cents per gallon.

There are a few decent married women here; but the majority is against them, and they for the most part keep close at home.

A shot is fired in a saloon; there is a sudden stampede for the street; one combatant is disarmed and borne struggling away by his friends, while the other beats a masterly retreat in the opposite direction, his face and pistol kept always to the foe, and in an instant all is excitement and confusion. Such is Sunday in the White Pine District.

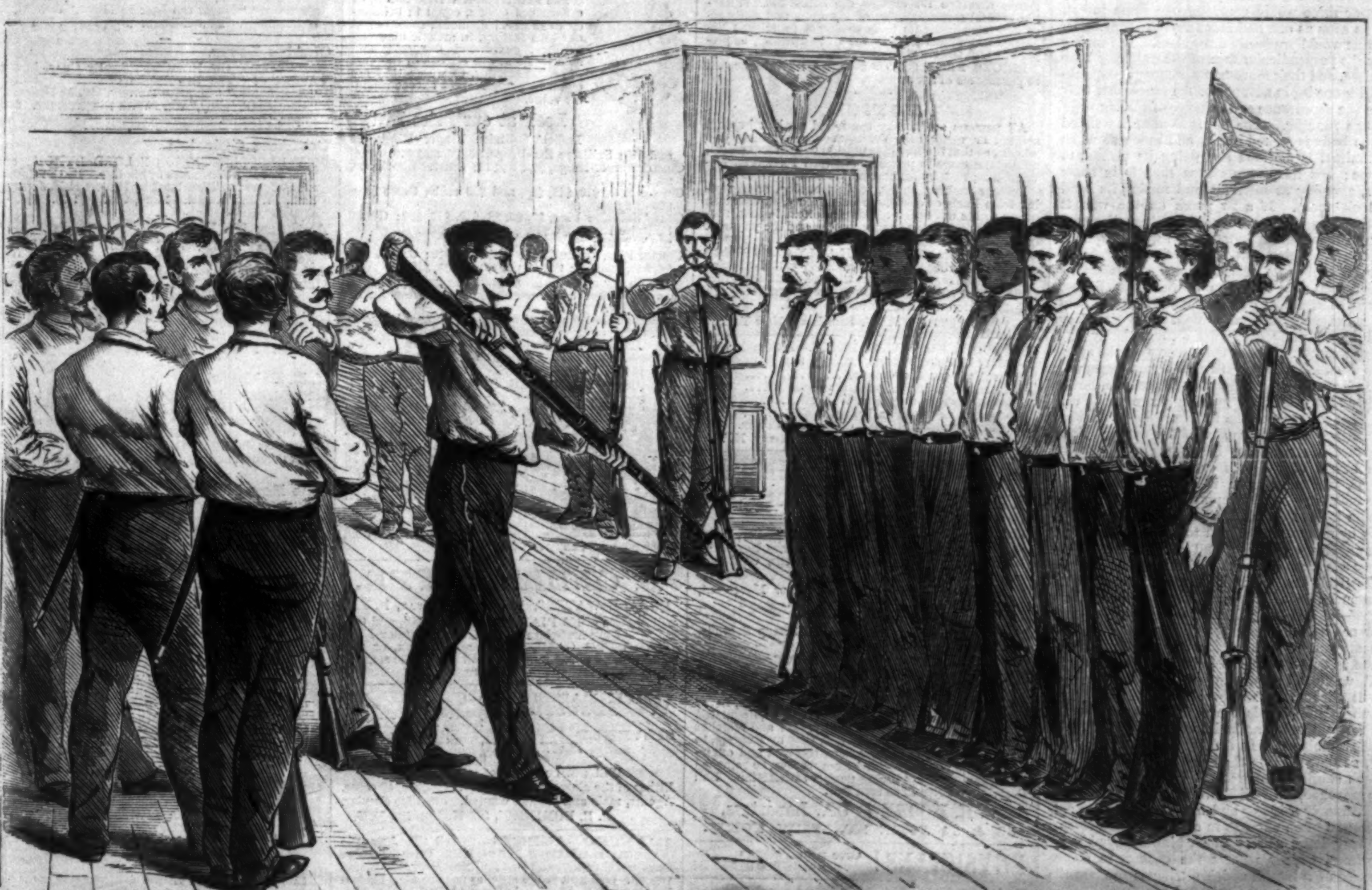


GENERAL AUGUSTO ARANGO.—[See Double Page.]

MIDSHIPMAN THEODORUS B. M. MASON.

Our readers will be as agreeably impressed with the manly beauty of the young midshipman, whose portrait we lay before them, as the whole country has been filled with admiration for his heroism so recently displayed in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

On the 8th of February last Midshipman Theodorus B. M. Mason, of the flag-ship *Guerriere*, then lying in the bay at Rio, was sent ashore with a boat's crew to pick up and bring back to the vessel a number of the men who had overstaid their leave of absence. He found them, and after a violent struggle—for the men were in liquor and resisted arrest—captured the greater number. Two of them, however, were so violent that he was compelled to put them in irons and place them on board the steam launch for conveyance to the flag-ship. While the launch yet remained at the ferry dock these men both leaped overboard, and would have been drowned, one after the other, had Midshipman Mason not jumped in, and, at the imminent risk of his own life, successively saved them. The first rescue was noble, the second was magnificent. Exhausted as the young hero must have



CUBAN DRILL-ROOM IN NEW YORK CITY.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Double Page.]

been by his exertions in bringing up the one, he hesitated not a moment in periling his life again to bring up the other. When we consider, too, that the harbor of Rio swarms with sharks, the conduct of Midshipman Mason seems little less than self-consecration to duty.

The following letter has been addressed to young Mason by the Secretary of the Navy:

Navy Department,
Washington, D. C., March 29, 1869.

Sir,—The Department has just learned from a dispatch received from Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, communicating a copy of a letter addressed to him by Captain M. B. Woolsey, commanding the *Guerriere*, of your having, by two distinct acts of valor, saved the lives of two of your shipmates, enlisted men, in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, on the 8th of February last.

I desire to express to you the Department's high appreciation of your heroic conduct on the occasion mentioned, which can not fail to reflect credit on you and commend you to the esteem of your brother officers and shipmates in the service.

It is gratifying to the Department to learn, also, from the dispatch of Rear-Admiral Davis, that your "behavior and character in all other respects are in perfect harmony with these noble actions."

Very respectfully,
A. E. Borie, Secretary of the Navy.

Midshipman T. B. M. Mason, United States Ship *Guerriere*, South Atlantic Squadron.

Midshipman T. B. M. Mason is a New Yorker, and the son of our well-known citizen, Colonel T. Bailey Myers, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Bearing the full name of his father, he assumed, in addition to it, his mother's maiden name, for family considerations. He is a graduate, of only eight months' standing, of the Naval School at Annapolis, and most worthily supplements in the same family the gallantry of his grand-uncle, Rear-Admiral Theodorus Bailey, who led the forlorn hope of Admiral Farragut's fleet past the rebel batteries on the Mississippi in the capture of New Orleans. Young, handsome, brave, accomplished, and, better than all, devoted to duty, Midshipman Mason is an honor to his native city and to his country's service, and his laurels so early gained are worth more than those of the conqueror.

"—Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

MUSICAL LIZARDS.

A small lizard, lately taken to England from the Isle of Formosa by Mr. Swinhoe, is decided to be a new species by Dr. Günther, of the British Museum. Mr. Swinhoe found the eggs of this gecko, or lizard, in holes of walls or among mortar rubbish. They are round, and usually lie several together, resembling eggs of ordinary lizards. The young, when first hatched, keep much under stones in dark cellars, where they remain until they attain about two-thirds of the adult size, when they begin to appear in public to catch insects, but evincing great shyness of their seniors. Mr. Swinhoe states that on the plaster-washed sides of his bedroom, close to the angle of the roof, every evening when the lamp was placed on the table below, four little musical lizards used to make their appearance and watch patiently for insects attracted by the light. A sphinx or a beetle buzzing into the room would put them into great excitement, and they would run with celerity from one part of the wall to the other after the deluded insect as it fluttered in vain, buffeting its head, up and down the wall. Two or three would run after the same insect, but as soon as one had succeeded in securing it, the rest would prudently draw aloof. In running over the perpendicular face of the wall they keep so close, and their movements are made so quickly, with one leg in advance of the other, that they have the appearance at a distance of gliding rather than running. The tail is somewhat writhed as the body is jerked along, and much so when the animal is alarmed and doing its utmost to escape; but its progress even then is in short runs, stopping at intervals and raising its head to look about. If a fly perch on the wall it cautiously approaches to within a short distance, then suddenly darts forward, and with its quickly-protruded, glutinous tongue, fixes it. Apart from watching its curious manœuvres after its insect-food, the attention of the most listless would be attracted by the singular series of loud notes these creatures utter at all hours of the day and night, more especially during cloudy and rainy weather. These notes resemble the syllables "chuck-chuck," several times repeated; and, from their more frequent occurrence during July and August, they are thought to be the call notes of the male to the female.

During the greater part of the day the little creature lies quiescent in some cranny among the beams of the roof or in the wall of the house, where, however, it is ever watchful for the incautious fly that approaches its den, upon whom it darts forth with but little notice. But it is by no means confined to the habitations of men. Every old wall, and almost every tree, possesses a tenant or two of this species. It is excessively lively, and even when found quietly ensconced in a hole, generally manages to escape—its glittering little eyes (black with yellow ochre iris) appearing to know no sleep; and an attempt to capture the runaway seldom results in more than the seizure of an animated tail, wrenched off with a jerk by the little fellow as it slips away, without loss of blood. The younger individuals are much darker than the larger and older animals, which are sometimes almost albinoes. In ordinary fly-catching habits, as they stick to the sides of a lamp, there is much similarity between this gecko and the little papehoo, or wall-lizard of China; but this is decidedly a larger and much more active animal, and often engages in a struggle with insects of very large size. The Chinese colonists of Formosa greatly respect the geckos, in consequence of a legend which attributes to them the honor of having once poisoned the supplies of an invading rebellious army, which was thereby totally cut to pieces. The geckos were raised to the rank of generals by the grateful Emperor of China; which honor, the legend states, they greatly appreciated, and henceforth devoted their energies to the extermination of mosquitoes and other injurious insects.

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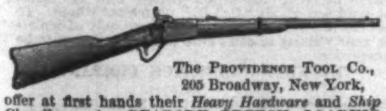

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